The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

The Democratic platform has no kind word for monopolies.

The Democratic platform contains the highest kind of planks for the laboring men to stand on. It is the laboring classes that need protection, not the monopolies.

While the merits of candidates for county offices are being discussed, don't listen to the slanderous sneeks who lower themselves to traducing men better than themselves. When any indulges in the abuses of another you will always find a nigger in the wood-pile.

If one can believe the reports from Germany there is a growing disposition on the part of the entire able-bodied male population to leave the country in order to avoid military duty. No less than 15,000 men have been sentenced during the year for attempting to emigrate. The glory of Bismark pinches.

In the processions of laboring men that turned out in Chicago on Saturday night, 5, to whoop and halloo for Ben Butler, an immense wooden spoon was transported which bore the fascinating inscription, "He Will Feed Us All." This is carrying the paternal idea into politics with a vengeance.

The young Democracy of Centre Hall were among the first to fire off a thundering salute in honor of the nomination of Cleveland and Hendricks, which they proceeded to do an hour after the glorious ticket was completed. Centre county Democrats are solid for the ticket and wild with enthusiasm. Old Centre will give Cleveland, Hendricks and Reform 1500 majority.

Financial history never furnished another case presenting so lamentable, and yet in a sense so comical, a disproportion between liabilities and assets as that shown in the case of the bursting banking concern of Grant & Ward. After wading through inexplicable accounts and going over unintelligible day-books and ledgers, the assignee, as near as he can get to it, figures up liabilities to the extent of $16,792,647, and the actual assets amounting to $67,174.

The firm do not seem to have adopted any regular system of accounts, and there was no attempt at accuracy in any of their transactions. Such a thing as a balance sheet was unknown in their business, and although engaged in affairs that ran into the millions, a cash book or journal was regarded by those model business people as not indispensible. Stocks or bonds left with them as pledges of security were promptly sold or rehypothecated and the proceeds pocketed. In the management of business there was about an equal proportion of recklessness and rascality.

The assinee's report on the estate of Grant & Ward shows that that eminent firm preserves in adversity the uniqueness, so to speak, which characterized it in the days of its great prosperity. Its liabilities are magnificent. It is only the proudest houses in the world that can fail for $16,792,647.72 as this house has done. But it is not in liabilities, but in "nominal assets" that it most shines. We can recall in recent financial history no failures in which the nominal assets made such a grand and gratifying showing. They amount to $27,139,098.56. The "real assets" only foot up $67,174.30, but this is an every-day occurrance. It is in the "nominal assets" that a financier shows what stuff he was made of before misfortune laid him low.

JOHN KELLY.

The curse of the Democratic party is John Kelly, chief of the Tammany organization. He has a following of some 40,000 voters in New York, and with these he defeated Gov. Robinsoh, one of the best governors New York ever had. With these he defeated Gen. Hancock for President, and has given the party much trouble in other respects.

With his handful of voters he threatens to defeat all nominees whom he is not allowed to dictate and plays into the hands of the Republicans. This has been his infamous political work in the past. He undertakes to dictate local and state nominations in New York and goes to national conventions to dictate for the whole party in the United States who shall be the nominee for President, and if it be not a man to suit his wishes he threatens defeat—be the nominee the purest and best Democratic statesman in the land.

If the party has to submit to this impudent political outlaw, then let there be no more national conventions, and Kelly be called on every four years to say who shall be the Democratic nominee for President.

Cleveland is a good and strong man, but Kelly don't like him, and lets out that he won't support him.

How can the Democratic party get rid of this political brigand Kelly? Shall he and his handful of followers be the master of the millions of Democratic voters in the United States? If it is possible to kick him out or pitch him out, let it be done.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

There are 701 pig iron furnaces in the United States. Of these 432 are out of blast. The weekly capacity of the 269 furnaces in blast is 85,561 tons, while the 432 not in operation are capable of producing 82,679 tons a week. This is clearly a case of the survival of the fittest.

The high protective tariff stimulated the production of pig iron until it was overdone and now under the same high protective policy which prevailed when capital rushed into the iron business, more than one half of all the furnaces are out of blast. The weaker concerns have been forced to the wall while the stronger ones survive. Improved machinery and improved methods have triumphed in spite of fallacious and oppressive tariff laws. The 269 furnaces in blast have been able to protect themselves while the tariff utterly failed to protect the 432 which have gone out of operation.

These facts prove that the iron industry of the United States is able to stand on its own legs and does not require government crutches any longer. Even that intense protectionist newspaper, the New York *Tribune*, admits that "if there are now in the country furnaces that can afford to turn out iron at less than $20 per ton, which are supplying it at a rate of 4,500,000 tons yearly, the iron interest has surely made marvelous strides toward complete independence."

THE BLAINES AT THE CRIB.

An examination of the Blue Book throws some additional light on the list of Mr. Blaine's relations whom he has tethered to the public crib. During the year 1880, a part of which saw Mr. Blaine at the head of the State Department, Mr. Blaine, his son, his brothers, his nephews, and his cousins drew from the United States Treasury within a fraction of $30,000. That was not bad for one year. Most of the appointments of Mr. Blaine's relations date back to 1876, but some of them go back to 1871. His brother, Robert G. Blaine had in that year an appointment at the capital which was worth $2,160. Subsequently the pay was increased, but lately he has been glad to get a place at $1,400. But he has drawn a salary from the United States continuously for thirteen years. The appointment of Major Blaine in the pay corps of the army was effected by a trade with Gen. Grant. It was about the time when Fred Grant was made Lieutenant-Colonel on Sheridan's staff. The Army Ring was in full blast, and among other jobs was the increase of the pay corps without any corresponding increase in the army. Blaine lent his aid to the scheme on condition of putting his brother in with the rank of Major. The result is that the pay corps is the most top-heavy branch of the service. There are 48 paymasters for an army of 25,000 men, to say nothing of the large force of paymasters' clerks, more than 30 being employed in the Paymaster-General's office in Washington alone. Taking the $30,000 of 1880 as a starting point, it is a moderate estimate that the Blaine family has cost the people $20,000 every year since 1876.

One of the most laughable things that occurred during Mr. Blaine's last days in the Senate was a terrific sortie he made on the Democrats, lunging down the aisle straight for Judge Thurman's chair, where he stood facing the great Ohioan, and shaking his fist in Thurman's face as he dramatically arranged him and his methods; to which Judge Thurman merely responded:

"Sit down, sir, sit down. Mr. President, let's proceed to business."

The Senate roared with merriment, and Mr Blaine himself joined in. He afterward described his feelings as those of a whipped schoolboy.

There is one phase of Mr. Blaine's ambition which has singularly escaped notice. It is a craving for social distinction. While he had a long struggle and a hard one to get into Garfield's Cabinet, yet nothing like his domination over Garfield was ever known. His influence extended to the smallest particulers; he regulated the etiquet at the White House as much as he did the conduct of the State Department. Mrs. Blaine had Mrs. Garfield under her thumb as completely as Mr. Blaine had the President. Mr. West, the British Minister, had just been accredited to this country. He brought with him his eldest daughter to preside at the British legation, his wife being dead. He had married, while stationed at Madrid, a Spanish lady who had been an actress. His family in England had been much incensed on account of the marriage, and had never noticed the wife; but after her death, when her daughter was sent to England to be educated, they recognized the daughter. Something about the Spanish actress story had preceded Miss West's arrival here, and Washington was electrified by the news that the Blaines were afraid the British Minister's daughter wasn't quite good enough for them, and they would decline to recognize her. Mr. Blaine's most judicious friends went to him and urged that he would be going to far in this, and might make serious trouble for himself. It was discovered, however, by some lurky Blaineite, that Miss West had been received by Queen Victoria. This argument at once prevailed, and the Blaines concluded not to ostracize Miss West.

The Democratic house of the recent congress has added to the good record of our party. It passed bills reclaiming nearly one hundred millions acres of forfeited public lands. It passed the bill to redeem the fraudulent trade dollar. It passed all the appropriation bills, and a large number of deserving pension bills. If it had accomplished nothing else that record would be sufficient to commend it.

But it did more. By careful calculation and assiduous effort it reduced the appropriations to $186,166,477.01. The appropriations last year were $230,187,096.90. The saving to the taxpayers of $20,589.99 was the result of intelligent discrimination and faithful labor. The work was performed in committees, on the floor of the house and in conferences. It is a glorious record to which the democratic party can point with pride.

CHICAGO.

The Great Convention.

Chicago, July 8.—Driven to bay by the action of the New York delegation yesterday afternoon, the anti-Cleveland men girded themselves for a fight over the unit rule. Delegates from 27 states visited Mr. Kelly's headquarters late last night by invitation. He received assurances of support in such a fight from all quarters. An effort to effect a union on some prominent wheelhorse against Cleveland failed. The line between the McDonald and the Randall men was too strongly drawn. Boyard was more acceptable to the West, but Pennsylvania indicated preferences for Cleveland if the Randall column should break. This is said to have been the effect of Bill Scott's missionary work. Without Pennsylvania no combination could be made with a prospect of success.

In this dilemma the only thing to do seemed to be to attack the unit rule and trust to circumstances if the attack was successful. Gen. Butler, Gov. Hendricks, Senator Voorhees, Gen. John M. Palmer, Wm. R. Morrison, and other prominent statesmen held interviews with Mr. Kelly, but the crowd in the Palmer House was so great that it was difficult to act with celerity. It was after midnight before the entrances to the hotel were clear.

Before 8 o'clock this morning it was almost impossible to get into the Palmer House, and, once there, to crowd into the rooms of the different State delegations. Such a packing of human beings in a political centre was never before seen. By 11 o'clock the crowd began to filter from the hotel, and the great tide of humanity swept toward the exposition Hall. The street in front of the hall was crowded. A dozen of political clubs were filing toward it with flying banners and bands of music, nearly blocking the avenue. A score of flags were floating on the breeze above the building. The American, German and English colors especially prominent. In the morning Tammany Hall sent a delegation to the Chairman of the National Committee in search of tickets for its friends. The delegation said that 700 Tammany men had come to the city, and that they desired tickets of admission to the Convention. Mr. Barnum at first refused to give them. The indignation at this answer was so great that he afterward reconsidered his determination and allowed them two hundred tickets. Irving Hall and the County Democracy received no extra tickets.

The drapery of the Exposition Hall was similar to the drapery used by the Republican National Convention. The same coats of arms of the different States were festooned to the balustrade of the galleries, with the same back-ground of stars and stripes. Large American flags hung from the windows above the galleries, and two Irish flags flanked the platform. The platform was erected on the west side of the hall, the wings being reversed for the use of spectators. The delegates were corralled in a space on the main floor of the hall, fronting the platform. It contained a portrait of Washington, flanked by pictures of Jackson and Jefferson, enwreathed in evergreens. The desk was buried in bunting and medallioned with a great gilt eagle. A basket of flowers and a swinging silver pitcher stood upon the desk. Small guidons marked the seats of the State delegations. They resembled a scattering forest of Mexican lances.

The spacious building filled slowly. The Little Giant of Connecticut was the first of the five tidal-wave Governors to arrive. He had a back seat. Gov. Glick of Kansas and Gov. Grant of Colorado followed close at his heels. Gov. Butler remained at his hotel, sending an alternate in his place. Gov. Begole of Michigan occupied a seat among the spectators.

Col. Michael C. Murphy was the first New York delegate in his seat. The others drifted in by twos and threes. Whitney, Manning, Cooper, and Hewitt entering in a bunch. Then came Hubert O. Thompson, Thunderbolt Norton, James Oliver and other delegates. Mr. Kelly was an early bird. He wore a soft white hat and the usual silk watch guard across his shirt front. Wm. Purcell was at his side.

Bluff John M. Palmer and Wm. R. Morrison were eddied to their seats in the Illinois delegation. The Indiana delegation came in without Hendricks and the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash. Both are delegates at large from that state, and both are booming Old Saddlebags for the first place. L. Pope Walker, the first Confederate Secretary of War, was the light of the Alabama delegation. He has a courtly presence and the face of a lion.

The California delegation marched in behind a banner glittering with gold and silver, the handsome face of the son of John C. Breckinridge being its conspicuous feature. The Georgia brigade was led by Gen. A. B. Lawton; Henry Watterson was in the Van of the Kentucky column, and Col. E. A. Burke and Senator Jonas led the delegation from the Pelican State. Charles Carroll of Carrollton's grandson was the leader of the Maryland delegation. Senator McPhearson, Gov. Abbett and John P. Stockton gave tone to the Jersey blues.

Saluting Allen G. Thurman

When Allen G. Thurman, the noblest Roman of them all, appeared at the head of the Ohio column, treading his way through the aisles, a spontaneous cheer ran over the hall. Half the delegates were on their feet. Thurman wore a gray suit, and carried a white tile and a cane in his right hand. An enthusiastic California delegate sprang to his feet ond shouted:

"The California delegation, after traveling 2,500 miles, catches its first glimpse of Paradise in the person of Allen G. Thurman."

Another round of cheers swept over the hall, and old Roman quietly dropped into his seat. William A. Wallace, Congressman George A. Post, Malcolm Hay, A. J. Dill and Benjamin Meyers were the salt of the Pennsylvania delegation. Wade Hampton headed the eighteen delegates from South Carolina. J. C. Cawood, W. A. Quarles, and a blood relative of the late President Polk, were among the Tennesseeans. Texas was honored by the leadership of ex-Gov. Hubbard. John S. Barbour, touchy Page McCarthy, and others upheld the standard of the Old Dominion. W. F. Vilas, Gen. E. S. Bragg, and ex-United States Senator James R. Doolittle were jewels of the Badgar State.

While the hall was filling, the band played "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," and other army melodies. Finally it broke into the familiar air of "Dixie," which was greeted with repeated rounds of applause from delegates north of Mason and Dixon's line. A moment afterward the stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle" were heard, and the Southerners in their turn gave vent to patriotic cheers.

The presentation of candidates for the Presidency was the principal business done on the second day, 9th, in the Democratic National Convention. The opponents of Mr. Cleveland pursued a policy of delay. The vote between the low tariff and the high tariff men in the Committee on Resolutions favored them.

Gol. W. F. Vilas, of Wisconsin, was made chairman of the Convention. The delegates from the Territories were endowed with the right to vote. This increased the total vote to 820, and two-thirds vote to 547. After a series of dilatory motions had been defeated by an overwhelming vote, it was agreed that candidates for President should be presented immediately, but that no vote should be taken until the platform had been reported. An incident of the voting was another futile struggle by Tammany to get the unit rule in the New York delegation set aside.

Delaware presented Bayard; Indiana, by the voice of Thomas A. Hendricks, presented McDonald; California presented Thurman; Massachusetts presented nobody, and New York presented Cleveland. Tammany men seconded the nominations of Bayard and Thurman. It was six o'clock when the roll call had got by New York and the convention adjourned until next morning. The opposition to Cleveland had lacked unity and generalship all day, and had done a great deal to credit to him the large vote by which its motions for delay were beaten because they were motions for delay.

The balloting was as follows:

Names.	1st.	2d.
Cleveland	392	683
Bayard	170	81
Thurman	88	4
Randall	78	4
McDonald	56	2
Hendricks	1	45½
Carlisle	27	
Hoadly	3	
Flower	4	
Tilden	1	

Necessary to a choice, 547.

Grover Cleveland having on second ballot received the necesary two-thirds vote was declared the nominee.

On motion of Mr. Hendricks, the nomination was made unanimous.

The changes were so numerous, and accompanied with so much uproar and excitement, that it was almost impossible to keep track of them. The Missouri delegation announced a change of its 32 votes solid for Cleveland.

This set off the enthusiasm again. The cheering was deafening. An anchor of flowers was carried to the New York delegation, and a stuffed eagle was carried in procession. The band struck up more patriotic airs, flags and banners were waved, and the excitement gained a fever point, because the Cleveland vote had nearly reached the necessary two-thirds. At this juncture, when the success of Cleveland was certain, some of the minority delegates left the hall. Outside the artilery began to boom, and inside the uproar was tremendous.

Then the change of California was announced as for Cleveland, 8; Thurman, 8.

Mr. Menzies, of Indiana, changed the vote of that state to Cleveland, and moved that the vote be made unanimous.

Illinois changed her 44 votes for Cleveland.

Kansas changed also for Cleveland, 17; Bayard, 1.

The chairman stated that he would rule out of order the motion to make the vote unanimous until after the result was announced.

California again changed her vote to 16 solid for Cleveland.

South Carolina changed for Cleveland, 10; Bayard, 8.

Texas gave her whole 26 votes for Cleveland.

Ohio changed her vote, Cleveland, 27; Thurman, 19.

Tennessee changed her vote to Cleveland.

Iowa transferred her 26 votes solid to Cleveland.

After the vote was announced an immence painting of Governor Cleveland was carried on the platform waiting to be set up when the vote should be announced, and still the work of changing the votes was going on in the most confused manner.

John Kelly, attended by some of his supporters, left the hall, confused and disgusted at his thorough defeat.

The general result was announced at 1.10 p. m.

The question was then put on Menzies' motion to make the nomination unanimous, and it was carried triumphantly. Then the mammoth oil painting representation of Cleveland's head and bust was carried in front of the speaker's stand and exhibited to the enthusiastic spectators, who greeted it with cheers and whistling, and the waving of everything that could be put into requisition for that purpose, while the band was playing "Marching Through Georgia," "The Red White and Blue," and other airs. After order was restored the chair announced that the motion to make the nomination unanimous had been carried. Governor Cleveland was declared the nominee of the national democracy for the next president of the United States. [Cheers.] A dispatch was read from Gov. Hoadly, congratulating the convention, the democracy and the country on the wise thing done, and promising a democratic victory in Ohio in October and November next.

For Vice President the following names were presented: M'Donald, of Indiana; Black, of Illinois; Glick, of Kansas, and Gen. Rosecrans, of California.

Mr. Wallace, of Penn'a, said that Hendricks had been chosen vice president and had been despoiled of the office, the democracy of the republic demanded of him again his name as a candidate, and they would not take "no" for an answer. He moved to suspend the rules and nominate Thomas A. Hendricks as a candidate for vice president by acclamation. [Cheers.]

Mr. Harvis, of Virginia, united the voice of Virginia with that of the Keystone state. [Cheers.]

Mr. Searles, of California, withdrew the nomination of Gen. Rosecrans. Other nominees were all withdrawn, one by one, so that Hendricks' name alone remained before the convention.

Mr. Hubbard, of Texas, made a spirited speech in favor of giving to Mr. Hendricks the office out of which he was cheated.

Mr. Wood, of New York, suggested that the call of states should be called so as to put on record the unanimous vote for Hendricks.

Mr. Wallace accepted the suggestion and withdrew his motion to nominate by acclamation and moved that the nominations do now close. The motion was agreed to and the clerks proceeded to call the roll of the states. The result was the unanimous nomination of Thomas A. Hendricks as a candidate for vice president.

Mr. Menzies, of Indiana, asked that that state be excused from voting. [Loud shouts of "no," "no."] He then asked whether there was any name but Hendricks' before the convention, and on receiving an answer in the negative from the chairman, said: "Then, sir, the state of Indiana casts thirty votes for Thomas A. Hendricks."

This was at the close of the call, making the result a unanimous vote. The demonstration that succeeded surpassed in vehemence and enthusiasm any similar scene that had taken place on that eventful day. All the flags and banners were gathered around the section occupied by the Indiana delegation and there they waved among the shouts of the large audience and the strains of patriotic music from the band, ending with "Auld Lang Syne," the words of which were sung with feeling, the chorus being rendered by several thousand voices. Then the band struck up "Old Hundred" and all joined in the solemn hymn of praise. This was followed by music and song of "God Save America," and that again by "Home Sweet Home." The scene was equally grand and touching.

A CREE INDIAN DANCE.

I saw a religious dance among these people. The spectacle was so atrocious that I nearly fainted. The object was to test the endurance of their young fighting men. A large conical tent, supported by a central pole, was erected, of which one side was occupied by a band of drummers and by the chiefs; the other side was left an open space for the administration of the proposed test of manly virtue. The performance began by a chorus of tremendous shouts and outcries from the men around, to an accompaniment of tom-toming on the drums. The men were got up in wonderful style, some painted in colored stripes to resemble tigers, with scalps dangling round their waists and wrists, and tomahawks hanging in their belts. Their extremities were covered with Indian leggings, faced with beads and porcupine quills. Their faces were painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and a good many more. After a short silence a young man came forward, about twenty years of age. Him they seized, and immediately cut a slit through each breast and then passed through this hole a stout stick. To these sticks they fastened ropes, the other ends of which were firmly tied to the central pole of the tent. The young man then went to the extremity of the rope and leaned back with his whole weight, being supported by the sticks through his breast. He pulled the flesh right away from his bones, and in that awful position, without a cry escaping him, he began to dance to the thundering music of the band. He continued dancing for forty-five minutes when he fainted. Fifteen others then passed through the same ordeal, and were thus admitted as braves to the tribe. The trial was somewhat varied for some of them by getting them to pull guns through the grass while harnessed in the same frightful fashion.

——The Reporter during the campaign can be had at the low price of 40 cents.

It is stated upon good authority that a few miles west of Ebenburg will be the scene of one of the greatest railroad wars ever known the coming fall, the Seaboard, Pennsylvania & Western railroad company and the Pennsylvania railroad company having surveyed lines for railroads over the same line. When the Seaboard commences operation it is said the Pennsylvania railroad company will commence grading for the extension of the branch road, when the war may be looked for.—Cambria *Herald*.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884:

		WESTWARD.	
ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	2 20 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	7 30 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 15 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 55 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 03 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	7 05 p m
		EASTWARD.	
SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 20 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 90 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 35 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		1 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m
WMPT ACN leaves	Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON, Gen'l Sup't.

FOR THE

-:FARMERS:-

—AND—

OTHERS.

We are still falling to low prices on all of our stock of merchandise.

HARPOON HAY FORKS,

(single and double,) at $4.50 to $5—sold a very short time ago at $7.50. Hay Fork Pulleys at 25c each. Best Manilla (not sisal) from ¼ to 2 inches.

Dunn's, Beardesly, Eagle and Clipper,

GRAIN AND GRASS SCYTHES,

(Razor Edges) 75 cents to $1.15. Emory Stones, Scythe Stones and Rifles at unusually low rates.

SILVER HOLLOW WARE.

Our Silverware surprises every one for its beautiful appearance, elegance of design, and prices lower than were ever known.

PAPER BAGS.

We are all right again on paper bags. We quote the trade at 40 per cent. off and an extra 5 per cent. off on lots of 5,000 or more.

PUMPS.

There has been a great decline in the price of pumps. If you want one write to us for prices, or call and see them. Cistern pumps $3.50, formerly $5½. Chain pumps at $3½, formerly $5½.

LUMBER.

If you please look at this: 25,000 White Pine and Hemlock Pickets, flat and square headed, 3, 3½ and 4 feet. Frame lumber in large quantities at $14 per thousand feet. 18-inch, White Pine Shingles, No. 1, at $4½ per thousand, and less in large quantities. White Pine Selects and Barn Lumber, rough or surfaced, from $20 to $60 per thousand. White and yellow pine Flooring, 1-inch, at $25 per thousand. Hemlock Flooring from $18 to $22 per thousand.

TIN CUPS, BRASS KETTLES, PRESERVING KETTLES, &c.

Think of Tin Cups at 25 cents per dozen, or 2 cents each; just as good as we make to sell at 5 cents each. Good stamped Tin Basins at 15, 18 and 25 cts. each. We are paying much attention to our tinware stock. More than we have ever done to supply the wants of every one with something that is really good

COAL. COAL.

Clearfield Coal in lots at shippers' prices. Anthracite Coal in lots at shippers' prices.

LOOK! PAINTS! LOOK!

Liquid Paints for houses, barns, roofs, etc., in four different colors, made to our own order at $1 per gallon.

GRAIN CRADLES.

Our supply of Grain Cradles this season is unusually large. Western cradle at $2½, Eagle Cradle at $2.75—best cradle in market, Ball's cradle, at $3½.

TIN CANS AND FRUIT JARS.

Ordered to be shipped to us on July 1, (in season) 21,600 Tin Quart Cans. Every can warranted, and will be offered for sale from 50 to 60 cents per dozen. At same time expect to receive 9,000 Mason Fruit Jars which are high and advancing but we will hold our present stock at present prices, without variation or abatement.

CEDARWARE & MATCHES

have our positive attention, all of which we are selling at Eastern prices. Good Brooms at $1.75 per dozen.

Door and Window Screens to suit any door or window, ready to put up.

100 barrels of Rosendale Cement at reduced prices. THE TRADE will please address us for trade prices.

Yours Yespectfully,

F. G. FRANCISCUS,

feb26tf LEWISTOWN, PA.

A DIFFERENCE.

You drink from out your cup
The sweetest wine;
I have but bitter dregs
And lees, in mine.

You have the richest fruit
In all the land;
Mine has turned to ashes
Within my hand.

You count your conquests o'er
And little dream
My love is greater far
Than all they seem.

A thousand hearts are yours,
You care for none,
I'd give my life to have
The heart of one.

"EVER THINE."

"It is very cold, dearest. Are your wraps sufficiently warm?" said John Elton, as he placed his hand caressingly on the shoulder of Ella Wardour, who was going out for a sleigh ride with him that crisp, cold, January morning.

"Oh, yes," replied Ella. Look, my cloak is fur-lined and my hood is made of eider-down. I am weather-proof, I think."

The jingling of bells announced the arrival of the sleigh at the door. Ella went out into the hall, and returned with a letter in her hand.

"See," she cried, as she held up the missive. "James found this in the sleigh, where you must have dropped it."

"Yes, dear. Come let us be off. My horse is restless in the cold."

"But the letter?"

"Oh, yes, the letter. Give it to me."

"Not until you tell me the name of your correspondent. The writing is certainly feminine, and the dainty seal is of blue wax, bearing the motto 'Ever Thine' impressed up on it. 'Ever Thine,' indeed!—to a man whose love has been plighted to me for a year! Tell me the name of the writer and give me permission to read the letter."

"Oh, I cannot do that," answered John laughing mischievously. "Would you have me betray the secrets of one fair lady to another, when they are both unmarried, and profess to be equally fond of me?"

"Then you acknowledge that your correspondent is a lady and fond of you?"

"Yes, my correspondent is a lady, and I believe she is fond of me."

"Now John," cried Ella, "I will read the letter and you cannot prevent me!"

As she attempted to break the seal her lover snatched the missive from her hand. Ella still smiled; but there was a bitter tone in her voice, and an angry flush deepened the roses on her cheeks. John could not help observing the change in her countenance, and a shade of sternness and determination mingled with the smile upon his lips as he answered:

'Will, Ella, is not a pleasant word for rosy lips!" Thus speaking he tore the letter into fragments and threw them in the fire, adding as he did so:" Now are you satisfied? The contents are lost as well to me as to yourself.

An angry retort rose to Ella's lips as she witnessed the destruction of the letter, and the request that had only been playfully made now took the form of action of vital importance. "I will never forgive him!" was her first thought, but she paused before she spoke again. Then with a calm voice she said: "Mr. Elton your sleigh is at the door; I have the honor to wish you a very good morning!" She was about leaving the room when John said to her:

"Stop, Ella, for a minute. I was rude to burn the letter and I ask your pardon. Will you not give me one kiss before you go?"

"If you tell me what was in that letter!"

"I know no more about its contents than you do."

"Then tell me the name of your correspondent."

"How can I tell you when I did not see it? Have you not learned yet that requests succeed better with me than demands? The kiss first," he continued, as he took her unwilling hand "and then I will tell you all I know about it."

"The information first," replied the girl.

"No," said John, "If you never kiss me again!" His look of determination was unmistakable now, and his proud lips pressed hard against each other.

"This time, farewell, Mr. Elton!"

Ella made a slight inclination of the head, while an angry flush burned brightly upon her face.

"Farewell? Let it be so, then!" cried John. "Farewell, Miss Wardour."

In a second John was gone, and the sleighbells that had rung such a merry peal in Ella's ears now seemed to sound a death-knell to all her hopes. She buried her head in the sofa cushions and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Why, Ella, dear, not gone yet?" said a sweet, motherly voice, as the door opened and Mrs. Singleton entered the room. When she saw the prostrate form of her niece and heard her stifled sobs she quickly approached her with a face full of sympathy. "What is the matter, Ella? Where is John? I thought you had gone out together. What has happened."

"Oh, Aunty, it was all about a horrid letter!" sobbed the girl. "I have been rude and unfeeling, and John has left me for ever! He will never come back to me, and my heart is broken—broken!"

"Ella, you have not quarreled with John? Surely you have not parted with him in anger?"

The voice, usually so calm, had in it such a tremor of alarm that the girl looked quickly up. She saw that every vestige of color had left Mrs. Singleton's face and that her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Aunty!" cried the wretched girl, "why do you look at me so? Do you know that John will never——." A fresh burst of throbs choked her voice and her head was again buried in the sofa cushions.

"Child," said Mrs. Singleton, "if you knew the story of my sorrows you would not wonder it fills me with dismay that you and John should have parted in anger. It was a similar occurrence that has made my life so bitter all these years."

"Your life, Aunty?—and I have always thought you were so happy."

"There was a time dear child, when I was young and fair, and I, too, had a lover, noble and true, on whom I bestowed my heart. My parents gave me to Henry Singleton willingly, because they thought he would be sure to make me happy. We were married and after our bridal tour, when returned to our lovely cottage home, nestling among the trees and shrubs that quite hid it from the view of the passers by, we lived a life of perfect felicity.

"It was in the third month—only the third month—of our wedded existence that Henry came one day to give me the kiss without which he never left me. His horse was saddled at the gate, and a bouquet of roses he had gathered for me was in his hand. As he entered the room he looked so handsome and good that my whole heart went out in thankfulness to God for having made me his wife.

"'My darling,' he said, as he handed me a note, 'I must ask your pardon for my forgetfulness. This was left at the store yesterday, but in my haste to come to you I forgot it."

"The note was from friends dear to both Henry and myself. It told us they were coming out to dine with us that day, and begged that Henry would come home soon, as they had something particular to tell him.

"You will be home to dinner, dear? I said to him, after reading the note.

"'I cannot promise,' he answered. I would be glad to do so, of course, but I have an engagement at three o'clock that I cannot put off."

"'But it must be put off!' I exclaimed with the wilfulness of a petted child. 'It is the first time our friends have been here and you must promise positively to come home.'

"'You must not insist upon it, dear wife,' he answered. 'I am a young merchant and cannot neglect my business I must keep my engagement at 3 o'clock.'

"'And this engagement is of more consequence to you than the wishes of your wife?' I poutingly replied.

"'Don't be unreasonable, Lizzie.'

"'Promise then that you will be at home to dinner.'

"'I have already told you I cannot promise.'

"'Well, then, go!' I said. 'I do not care whether you ever come back again!' and I left him.

"Henry mounted his horse and rode away. Had he looked back I should have called him, and after telling him how grieved I was that I had offended him, begged for the kiss and embrace that were always mine at parting, but repentance came too late, and he was gone.

"I passed a wretched day with my friends. My ears were constantly strained to hear the sound of the hoofs of Henry's horse upon the road. It was not because I expected my husband home, for I didn't, but a feeling of uneasiness had taken possession of me, as if some terrible calamity were about to assail me. At last I heard a dull sound as of marching footsteps along the avenue, and after a violent ringing of the bell I was summoned to the hall to hear that my Henry, in his efforts to reach our dwelling in time for the dinner, had urged his horse to head-long speed and had been violently thrown against some stones that lay at the roadside. Some workmen had borne him home on a rude stretcher, and there he lay insensible, the impress of death upon his face.

"The sight of my husband crushed, and helpless, aroused me from the stupor into which I had fallen.

"'Henry, dear Henry,' I exclaimed, 'do you not know me. your own wife?' He smiled faintly and opened his eyes but in another moment he closed them again, and the smile faded from his face. God in His mercy spared him for a season, but he never recovered from his injuries, and his life was misery to him. All my time was devoted to him now, but I could not repair the mischief I had done. I never left him day or night, till the end came, and he died in my arms."

Mrs. Singleton arose from the chair in which she had been sitting during her recital. Her bitter experience had been told, and in sadness she sought her chamber.

Ella raised herself from the sofa with a look of sudden resolution. She walked to the library, where her father sat reading, and asked him if James could be spared to go to the city.

"What now pussy?" said Mr. Wardour.

"Have you a sudden demand for new finery?"

"No papa. I want a letter taken to John."

"A letter to John? Why, he has just left us! Well, well, don't cry. Send James anywhere you please, but no tears, child, no tears."

Ella wrote a note, in which she asked "Can a kiss be sent in a letter by a repentant maiden, dear John?"

And the answer came:

"It can, as surely as a man may have a pretty young sister who seals her letters with the motto, 'Ever Thine?' "

Automata.

In mechanical curiosities there have been many wonderful exhibits in the present day. The piping bullfinch in the Great Exhibition of 1862 drew crowds to it; but we remember during the sale of Week's mechanical collection, half a century ago, a similar graceful little warbler, and we saw two other mechanical songsters which the French troops brought back as part of the spoils from the Emperor's Summer Palace at Pekin. We regret that we missed the machine for making Latin verses, which was exhibited in our day at the Egyptian Hall—a real blessing to school boys; nor have we seen the squalling baby which a modern man of science constructed—surely a bringing of coals to Newcastle; but we remember well, about the year 1833, seeing a very wonderful collection of automata, which had been originally designed as presents to the Emperor of China. There was a young lady, life-size, that played tunes upon a spinnet; another that wrote lines with the beauty of copperplate; while surpassing all in ingenuity was the figure of a magician with a tiny wand in his hand. It was mounted upon a small movable frame, which could be wheeled about at the pleasure of a spectator, so that there was no place for a confederate to conceal himself. On putting into an orifice in the frame any one of the numerous metallic cards which lay about with questions inscribed on them, the figure, after making you a bow, struck with his rod a little door, which opened, and there was the answer printed on another, card. The reply given was always strictly appropriate to the question, and was not of a mere general character, like the answers on conversation cards. Then, when we asked, "Mr. Conjuror, are you not troubled with the inquiries of your numerous visitors?" the answer was, "I should be ungrateful to say so." Our next question was of an entirely different kind. It was, we being young, "What is the sweetest passion in nature?" The conjurer bowed, knocked at the gate, and lo! appeared Cupid with his bow and arrow! Sir David Brewster, who noticed this toy in his volume on "Natural Magic," conjectures that the cards, though seemingly alike to the eye, differed in weight, and passed through the orifice we have named until they fell into the proper groove, and touched a string which moved forward the answer. The machinery employed must have, at all events, been of the most delicate order. Still these things were but the trifles of mechanical skill. What wonders have we since seen of pieces of machinery which you might almost say thought. With much interest we looked in the great exhibition of 1852 on the jacquard loom, and ten years later, on that marvel of marvels, Babbage's calculating machine.

Great Bells.

Russia is in the lead in the line of bells, some of her manufacture being the most famous of the world. It is said that in Moscow alone, before the great fire, there were no fewer than 1706 large bells. One called the giant, which was cast in the sixteenth century and broken by falling from its support, and recast in 1654, was so large that it required twenty-four men to ring it; its weight was estimated at 288,000 pounds. It was suspended from an immense beam at the foot of a bell-tower, but it again fell during the fire of June 19, 1706, and was a second time broken to fragments, which were used with additional materials in 1732 in casting the King of Bells, still to be seen in Moscow. Some falling timbers in the fire of 1737 broke a piece from its side, which has never been replaced. The bell is estimated to weigh 443,732 pounds; it is nineteen feet three inches high, and measures around the margin sixty feet nine inches. Its value in metal alone is estimated to amount to upward of 400,000. St. Ivan's, also in Moscow, is forty feet nine inches in circumference, sixteen and one-half inches thick, and weighs 127,830 pounds. The bells of China rank next to those of Russia in size. In Pekin there are seven bells, each of which, according to Father Le Compt, weighs 120.000 pounds. The weight of the feading great bells of the world may be seen in the following: King of bells (Moscow), 443,732; St. Ivan's (Moscow), 127,830; Pekin, 120,000; Vienna, 40,200; Olmutz (Bohemia), 40,000; Rouen (France), 40.000; St. Paul's, 38,470; "Big Ben" (Westminster), 30.350; Montreal, 28,560; St. Peter's (Rome), 18,600.

True religion is full of acts—not words.

How It is Guarded.

It is often said that "if thieves are determined to get in, they will do so in spite of all your precautions." That may be true of private houses, and even ordinary banks, but that there is such a thing as perfectly guarding valuable property is shown by the fact that the great public treasuries are seldom molested by burglars, and one at least has never had so much as an attempt made upon it. The resources of a whole country are needed, however to pay for such expensive protection.

A party of Englishmen who recently visited Washington expressed surprise at the absence of guards at the Treasury.

"Why," they said, "at the Bank of England the military is always on duty, and to get past it and into the building is worth one's life, unless he has authority. Here I dont see a guard."

But there are guards, and plenty of them, only they don't wear red coats, and parade up and down the street in front of the building.

"Do you see this armory?" said Capt. Cobaugh, the chief of the force, to your correspondent, opening a door as he did so and displaying line after line of loaded revolvers. They were of the largest and best variety known to the military authorities.

"We have sixty men armed with these," he said," and nearly all old soldiers. I should like to see any successful attempt to rob the treasury. These men are divided into watches, and are on duty in all parts of the building at all hours. After the force of clerks and officials goes home at night, our officers enter and inspect every room, see that the safes are all locked, the heating apparatus all right and the water turned off.

"If a safe is found unlocked, a man is put in charge of it, and the person whose duty it was to see it locked is sent for. Of course it does not often happen, and the man who does forget once to lock his safe does not forget it twice; but occasionally we do find one open. Then after the rooms are inspected and the guard set, the lieutenant makes his rounds every two hours, and the watchman patrols his beat every fifteen minutes or oftener."

"Has there ever been an attempt, successful or otherwise, to rob the Treasury?"

"Never. It would be an impossibility."

Col. Webster, Chief Clerk of the Treasury, is at the head of the watch, though Capt. Cobaugh has the personal direction of their movements. They are all inspected, and are liable to visits at any time of night from the Secretary or his Chief Clerk.

Treasurer Spinner it is related, once found himself in a very nervous frame of mind at night, and unable to sleep, having an indefinable feeling that something was wrong at the Treasury.

He tossed about a while unable to sleep, and finally dressed himself and started for the Treasury, to be met by a messenger coming to tell him that a safe containing millions of dollars had been found unlocked. It is said that he always slept in the building after that, and always visited the safes in person before retiring to see that they were locked. Perhaps it was his nervousness over the fright that made his signature so crooked.

Buttermilk With His Soup.

General Sheridan says: I was stationed at New Orleans when Mr. Greeley came there on his tour when a candidate for the Presidency. The old Creole residents gave him a dinner, and, to make it as fine an affair as possible, each of the many hosts was laid under the contribution for some of the rarest wines in his cellar. When dinner was announced and the half-shell oyster had disappeared, the waiter appeared at Mr. Greeley's seat with a plate of beautiful shrimps. "You can take them away," he said to the waiter, and then he added apologetically to the horrified old Creole gentleman who presided, "I never eat insects of any kind." Later on a soup was served and at the same time a glass of delicious white wine was placed at Mr. Greeley's right hand. He pushed it aside quietly, but not unobserved by the chief host. "Do you not drink wine?" he asked. "No," answered Mr. Greeley, "I never drink any liquors." "Is there anything you would like to drink with your soup?" the host asked, a little disappointed. "If you've got it," answered Mr. Greeley, "and it isn't any trouble, I'd like to have a glass of fresh buttermilk." "Mon Dieu!" said the host afterward in his broken English, "ze idea of electing to ze Presidency a man vot drink buttermilk vis his soup!"

Steel Rails.

No steel rails were imported into the United States during March, and only 7,010 tons during the nine months ending with March, against 105,128 tons imported during the corresponding nine moths of 1883. Of iron rails, 84 tons were imported in March, 1884, 143 tons in March, 1883, 587 tons in nine months ending with March, 1884, and 5,216 tons in the nine months ending with March, 1883.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of hopes and delusions.

A Victim of Solitaire.

A story is told of an old French gentleman, who, when he could not play piquet, passed all his time at solitaire. He lived some distance beyond Paris, not far from the Bridge of Sevres. When the Prussians invested Paris his modest room in the upper portion of a house was terribly exposed, being a mark for the shells of the beleaguering force. There was no one who could even play a game of dominoes with him, so this old gentleman played and played solitaire, all by himself. There was one particular game that had never come out straight, save once before, and that was in 1848, when Louis Philippe was deposed, and then the house he had lived in had come tumbling down over his head.

As all card players are superstitious, this old gentleman believed in coincidences. He was then working at this same intricate game when crash came a shell and knocked off half the roof making the house shake to its foundation. His servant woman begged him on her knees to leave the house. "Never," he said; "I have the firm conviction—see Marie, I wanted the king of hearts and the king is come—I have the firm conviction that I shall bring the game to a happy conclusion, I must have now the three of spades, or the game is abruptly closed if it don't turn up. See—as if by magic—here is the dear three of spades," and the old gentleman smiled. Then a solid shot tore through the story above him and the servant woman fled. When the Prussians burst into the house a quarter of an hour afterward they found an old gentleman quietly seated before a table with a pack of cards on it. Though the house had been riddled like a sieve, the old solitaire player was unscathed, "See Messieurs les Allemands," he said, for the last fifty years I have been trying to make this solitaire and, congratulate me, for this is my second success. But you are a set of wretches; you are the despoilers of my country and I shall sell my life dearly" Then the old man as quick as lightning, opened a drawer on his table, and pulled out a pistol and tried to fire at the Prussians, but a Bavarian sergeant struck him with a rifle stock over the head, and as the old monomaniac breathed his last, he said: "Only twice, only twice in a lifetime! Still I die contented."

The Coming Woman.

Speaking of wrestlers, says a New York writer, I know a young woman, or rather girl, who can throw any girl in the gymnasium she attends, and who has thrown her brother, three years her senior, so often that he will not let her abuse him any longer. And she can sing charmingly, play the piano beautifully, dance delightfully and speak French and German better than an Alsatian. Then again the other day, I met a wealthy man, whose name is familar to all New Yorkers, who told me that every morning he fences wtih his daughter half an hour.

"I am the only one in our household with whom she can fence with any pleasure," said he. "Her mother whom I taught cannot pretend to stand against her, and my eldest son is clumsy beside her. Her wrist has become like iron and her muscles are like steel. It is quite a feat to pink her or throw her foil from her hand."

"Where is the country girl who can swim like the pupils of that uptown school which was maintained so many years near Central Park, and is still kept up for aught I know? The girls have begun to save lives already from the water. It was a little Miss of good belongings in Harlem who dragged a lad from the Harlem river last summer. Where is the country girl in these latitudes who can skate like the womanly, well-rounded little brunette in short skirts who carried off the palm at the roller-skating rink last winter? Where is a farmer's daughter who knows the points of a horse like the young women who figured conspicuously at last week's horse show? At sight of a horse did they say—

"Oh, what a perfectly lovely creature! Oh isn't he nice? Isn't he just too splendid?"

Not at all. They criticised the width of his breast, the size of his head, the taper of his legs, the hoofs, joints, nostrils, back, and, in short, every point of the beast had got or had missed, and all in technical terms, talking as confidently with a horse fancier or a jockey as one lady used to talk to another about the number of flounces on a fashionable skirt.

Military Service in Russia.

By the general military law of Russia, adopted some years ago, the term of service for ordinary recruits is six years with the colors and nine years in the reserve. The number of years to be passed in the ranks could, however, for recruits who have received a certain measure of education, be shortened to three; while students who had passed the leaving examination at a gymnasium could get off with six months' service, and students who had graduated at a University with three. Either because students are out of favor just now, or because it has been found by actual experiment that academical training cannot be accepted as a substitute for military drill, the period of obligatory service has been extended for University graduates to one year, and for youths who have been through all the classes at a Government gymnasium to eighteen months

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Laws catch flies, but let hornets escape.

God deliver me from a man of one book.

The mob hath many heads but no brains.

Most men cry, "Long live the conqueror!"

If every one mend one, all may be meuded.

It is a bad action that success cannot justify.

The more a man knows the less he believes.

Prate is prate, but it is the duck that lays the egg.

The absurd man is the man who never changes.

There is more of self-love than love in jealousy.

Religion and language are sucked in with our milk.

Complaint of present times is general of all times.

The best instruction is to practice what we teach.

He who owes brambles must look well to his shoes.

The world is a buy way and often a highway besides.

Send your pedigree to market, and see what it will buy.

It is better to walk than always ride behind another's horse.

To test the strength of a friend—ask him to indorse a note.

A woman can lead a man to God or drive him to the devil.

When two friends have a common purse, one sgins—the other weeps.

When a man boards a wrong train of thought he is liable to run off the track.

Men searching for luck to give them a ride only scare up horses for enterprise to saddle.

Worry is a painter whose brush is employed in putting delicate streaks of silver in hair.

When a miser dies relatives quarrel over his estate and the devil walks off with his soul—without dispute.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poesy; the water of life, faith.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

There are some who write, talk and think so much about virtue, that they have no time to practice it.

Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

The generous man may have lost his property, but he has saved himself; are you going to keep your property and be damned?

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—we should always have it ready to defend ourselves never to offend others.

Concentrate all your energies for good, scatter all your bad desires and life's harvest will fill your granary with wealth.

Letters of introduction are not always successful to get a man into society, any more than eloquent obituaries to get a man into heaven.

When you are looking at a picture, you give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

Broad intellect appreciates virtues in others; the fool is charmed by the music of his own bells and delighted by the sight of his own gaudy cap.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

A man need only correct himself with the same rigor that he reprehends others, and excuse others with the same indulgence that he shows to himself.

Virtue consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are moderation, temperance, chastity, simplicity, self-control; its method is self denial.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and, if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

The truly virtuous do not easily credit evil that is told them of their neighbors; for if others do amiss, then may these also speak amiss; man is frail and prone to evil, and therefore may soon fail in words.

One of the first duties of a woman's is to always look as pretty as possible. It goes without saying that wives, mothers, and maidens shall be good-tempered, skilled in housewivery, true-hearted and kindly-tempered.

In the human temple character should be the foundation, intellect the heavy timbers, wisdom the roof, and true gentility the ornamental. If the temple is laid over with Christian graces it will become fire-proof.

The gifts which distinctively mark the artist, without which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death—with which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal-lights in heaven—are those of sympathy and imagination.

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

Obedience is the crowning grace, that principle to which polity owes its stability, and its happiness, faith its acceptance, creation its continuance. Exactly in proportion to the majesty of things in the scale of being is the completeness of their obedience to the laws that are set over them.

NIGHT.

The sunset fades into a common glow;
A deeper shadow all the valley fills:
The trees are ghostlier in the fields below
The rivers run more darkly through the hills;
Only the Night-Bird's voice the coppice thrills.
Stirring the very leaves into a sense.
A witching stillness nolds the breath of things.
Earth hath put on her garb of reverence,
As when a nun within a cloister sings
To mourn a passing soul before it wings,
Silent as dew now falls the straight-winged Night.
Clear over head (God's still imaginings,)
Shining like Hope, through very darkness bright'
Star follows star, till heaven is all alight.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

"Well, I am sure," sighed Mrs. Reynolds, smoothing the folds of crape on her black dress. "I don't know what we are to do. The landlord wants his money, and the butcher had the impudence to tell me this morning that he could not serve us longer unless the account was settled. Etheline," she continued plaintively, turning toward her daughter, who stood in the bay window eagerly scanning one of the advertising columns of the *Herald*. "I do think you might pay a little more attention to your mother."

"What is it, mamma?" the girl asked, raising her bright gray eyes from the printed sheet.

"My dear, I simply asked you how we are going to manage to get the money to pay all these people."

"Why earn it, of course," her daughter answered.

"Well, that I should ever live to see the day," the good lady said, drawing a long breath, "that a child of mine would suggest such a thing to me. The idea of my earning my living. I am shocked, Etheline, that knowing the state of my health you should mention anything of the kind. I am sure when your d e a r p a p a w a s a l i v i n g." the lady sobbed behind her black bordered handkerchief, "t h a t h e—he always s h i e l d e d me from—from—"

Further speech was cut short as two girlish arms were thrown around her neck, and a sweet voice cried.

"Mamma—mamma! I did not mean that you should work. Dearest mamma! you shall stay here and keep this pretty nest warm for your birdling who, when her wings are weary, can fly safely back to the parent home. Mamma, listen to this," the girl exclaimed, springing to her feet and catching up the discarded paper.

As Mrs. Reynolds straightened her widow's cap which her daughter's impetuous embrace had disarranged, the girl read the following advertisement in clear, ringing tones·

WANTED—A housekeeper to take entire charge of a widower's house. Only one who is competent to manage a retinue of servants need reply.
Address S. STEWART M——, New Jersey.

"There, mamma," Etheline said gleefully, "isn't that splendid? If I am fortunate enough to get the position you need not trouble your dear old head about the sordid demands of the butcher and that horrid landlord.

"Etheline!" Mrs. Reynolds interrupted in a shocked voice, "How can you even for one moment think of such an improper arrangement?"

"Why, mamma, I do not see anything improper in the advertisement, and you know, mamma, that I thoroughly understand the management of servants. Remember that owing to your ill-health after my return from boarding school, I superintended all the domestic arrangements of our large house before papa lost his money, and I am sure, mamma, since papa died, I have managed nicely in this little cottage, with one maid of all work, so that I am competent to control either a large or a small number of servants. Do let me try this once," the girl said coaxingly, taking her mother's hand in hers, and patting it softly as one would a child's.

"But, dear, suppose he is some young man who—who—"

And the elder lady broke off abruptly for want of a suitable word to express her somewhat hazy idea.

"There, mamma, you are mistaken; instead of a gay Lothario, he is a forlorn old gentleman with silvery hair, and a kind benevolent face."

"Well, I only hope your sketch will be a true one," her mother said peevishly.

Etheline's only answer was a weary sigh as she seated herself at the writing desk and prepared to answer the advertisement.

Within the following week there ensued quite a lengthy correspondence between our heroine and S. Stewart, the result being that at the close of a glorious May day there alighted from the cars at the small country station of M—— a graceful petite figure, attired in deep mourning. As the iron monster with a puff and a snort started the girl looked wistfully around the deserted platform, as if in search of some one. Before she could address the station master, who was lounging in the doorway of the small depot, and who was gazing curiously at her and inwardly admiring the pretty foot that peeped tantalizingly from beneath the girl's short traveling dress, a braughan drawn by a superb pair of horses dashed up, and as the coachman drew rein, the footman alighted and crossing quickly to the waiting girl touched his hat.

"Is this Miss Reynolds?" he inquired respectfully.

Receiving an answer in the affirmative he continued:

"Beg pardon for being late, Miss—but one of the horses cast a shoe on the way, and we were compelled to stop at the blacksmith's."

In another moment Etheline was seated among the soft cushions, whirling rapidly along a sweet scented country lane.

After a drive of perhaps an hour, during which the sun set and the dreamy twilight settled down over a landscape which exhibited features of peculiar beauty, the vehicle entered a spacious park, and then speeding along a broad avenue, came at last to a grand old mansion built in the Elizabethan style of architecture from the open door of which flashes of light fell upon the velvety lawn without. Then the carriage suddenly stopped and Etheline realized with a feeling somewhat akin to terror, that she had reached her journey's end.

She was immediately ushered by a liveried servant into a brilliantly lighted drawing room. A stately gentleman of about forty rose from his seat, where he had been reading, and came gracefully forward to meet her. Extending his hand cordially, he said:

"Welcome to the Grange, Miss Reynolds. I hope you had a pleasant drive from the station?"

"No—that is, yes, yes, I enjoyed the drive very much, indeed," Etheline stammered, painfully aware of an amused sparkle in the dark eyes that were gazing admiringly at her flushed face and beautiful, disorded hair.

Poor Etheline could have cried with vexation as she saw the ideal of a benevolent employer crumble to the dust and from the ashes rise the handsome man, who, with a smile lurking beneath his drooping moustache, was quietly waiting for her to regain her self-possession.

"Allow me to present my aunt," he said, kindly, leading the confused housekeeper up to a gentle old lady with silvery curls falling over her soft cheek—an invalid, as Etheline saw at a glance.

"How do you do, my dear," the lady said kissing the girl's ripe lips.

"Miss Reynolds, my steward, Mr. Anderson," her employer's voice then broke in.

Etheline looked up with a start, and met the bold glance of the gentleman whom she had not before noticed.

"Happy to meet so lovely a lady," Mr. Anderson said, in silky tones, bowing low over the girl's unwilling hand.

Miss Reynolds' only acknowledgment of this somewhat effusive compliment was a cold inclination of the head, but she mentally concluded that here at least was a member of the household who she would never like, and she was not altogether sure that he was one whom some day or other she might not learn to fear.

Time sped swiftly at the Grange.

Under the new housekeeper's reign the domestic machinery moved as smoothly as clockwork.

Etheline soon became a favorite with all the inmates of the old house, from the under housemaid to the gentle invalid mistress who presided over her nephew's home.

As for the men about the place, there was not one, from the humble stable boy up to the stately butler, who did not worship the fair girl, who always had a kindly word and a pleasant smile.

A man dressed in a white linen suit, his broad straw hat pushed far back from his bold, handsome face, sauntered slowly along one of the numerous shady paths of Moulton Grange, jauntly swinging a light cane in his ungloved hand.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, as, turning a bend in the narrow path, a vision of loveliness burst upon him. "By Jove!" he said, fixing his fiery eyes on the sleeping form of a young girl who was lying under the spreading branches of an old oak, one rounded arm supporting her sleepy head, her white bosom slowly heaving beneath the delicate morning robe she wore—with one velvety hand resting carelessly on the open leaves of a copy of Tennyson that laid upon the emerald sward.

The slipper stirred uneasily under the man's burning gaze and quietly opened her gray eyes.

"Ah! good morning, Miss Reynolds."

The girl flashed a glance in the direction of the oily voice and hastily sprang to her feet, her beautiful face flashing crimson.

"Good morning, Mr. Anderson," she said cooly.

"I hope I do not intrude?"

"Not at all. The grounds are as free to Mr. Anderson as they are to me," Etheline answered, quietly, stooping to regain her book.

"Allow me, Miss Reynolds."

The gentleman gracefully raised the volume from the ground and presented it to the lady with a low bow.

As Etheline extended her white hand for the book the man imprisoned her soft white fingers in his, clasping them lightly as he devoured the girl's perfect figure and glowing face with his bold eyes.

"Please release my hand, Mr. Anderson; I must return to the house.

"Wait one moment, my dear girl," he said, in low, intense tones. "I have waited patiently for this opportunity. You have been an inmate of the Grange for three months, yet this is the first time I have seen you alone. You are either dangling at that old woman's side, or—"

"Stop, Mr. Anderson!" the girl broke in, with flashing eyes. "Do not say anything against dear Mrs. Scott. She has been more than kind to me. Now please let me go."

"In one moment, my dear. Etheline, you must know I love you. Will you be mine? I will surround you with every luxury. Although I am only a steward, I have money, and plenty of it. We will go far from here, where no one will recognize us, and revel in one long dream of perfect happiness."

"Mr. Anderson, please say no more," Ethelene pleaded, "I—I—cannot be your wife."

The man broke into a loud laugh, and while Etheline looked at him in amazement he wiped the tears of merriment from his eyes with the snowy cambric as he bent his handsome face very near her own.

"Well, you are unsophisticated. My beauty, I am not asking you to marry me—I——"

"What are you asking me, then?" the girl broke in, a soft flush creeping over her soft cheek, even up to the roots of her waving hair, as she fixed her bright eyes upon the man's amused face.

"Etheline!" he cried, losing all self-control, and seizing the struggling girl in his arms, he imprinted a burning kiss on her lips. "My beautiful—"

Further speech was cut short by two rows of pearly teeth being fastened in his hand "You young wild cat?" he exclaimed, with a cry of pain, as he released the girl, who sped as light as a fawn across the path and in among the tall trees.

With a muttered curse he started in pursuit of the flying figure.

Etheline ran lightly on, her hair unbound and waving in the gentle breeze. Her breath came with labored gasps from between her scarlet lips. She uttered, a low terrified scream, as the man's grasp closed over her perfectly moulded arm, that shone like ivory through the thin sleeve.

"Not quite so fast, my pretty bird," Mr. Anderson hissed between his closed teeth.

"Let me go!" Etheline panted, casting a glance of horror at the man's evil face.

"No, my queen, I cannot let you go," he said, still holding the frightened girl in his strong arm.

"You fiend!" she cried, indignantly. "You cowardly cur, to thus insult a defenseless woman. Oh! if your employer were only here!"

"Ah, ha! but he is not. Do you know what the villagers say," he continued, exultingly, "about the handsomest master of the Grange and the beautiful housekeeper?——

"Villain! thundered a man's voice. Release that lady."

As Mr. Anderson's arms fell apart. Etheline, with a cry of joy, sprang toward Mr. Stewart. "My poor darling," he said tenderly, drawing the trembling girl close to his breast. "Come back, you treacherous hound," he continued, sternly to Mr. Anderson, who was quietly sneaking off.

As the man hesitated an instant his employer gently unclasped the girls' clinging hands from about his arm, and striding over to the side of the pale-faced steward, placed his sinewy hand on the back of that gentleman's immaculate collar and shook that rather limp individual until his white teeth fairly shattered.

"Now down on your knees to the lady and confess that last speech you made was a lie invented to suit your purpose."

Another moment and the steward was kneeling on the soft earth at the feet of the beautiful girl in the flowing lilac robe.

"It was all a lie," Mr. Anderson, stammered. "I—I—beg your pardon, Miss Reynolds."

"There, that will do," Mr. Stewart interrupted, "now go and never let me see your cowardly countenance again. Pay yourself out of the last rents you collected. Do you hear?" his employer said sternly.

As the polished Mr. Anderson's slinking form disappeared among the thick trees Mr. Stewart drew the blushing girl to his beating heart, and bending his handsome head over the brown tresses that nestled against his linen coat, whispered:

"Etheline, my love will you be my little wife? Speak, darling,"

The girl's low spoken "yes" would have been unaudible to any but a lover's ear.

"Etheline, my beautiful one," he cried rapturously, gently kissing her pouting lips.

"But your aunt," Etheline questioned, raising her lovelit eyes to his. "Will she not object to—"

"She will object to nothing," her lover said fondly. "On the contrary, she wishes to call my darling niece."

"Mr. Stewart," the girl whispered, shyly, "do—do you love me—as well—as you did—your—your—"

"I understand you, love. But my gentle wife will have no cause to be jealous of the young bride, who for many years has quietly slept in a distant land. She never loved the man she wedded for his gold; while I darling," he cried, passionately, "knew not what love was then. Oh, my shy, proud darling, I have worshipped you ever since the night you first stood in the drawing room, the light from the chendelier falling softly on your bonnie brown hair and lovely gray eyes. My love! My wife that is to be, I bless the day that I advertised for a housekeeper."

In Sickness.

Some years ago the students of a certain college in the State of New York were in the habit of voting in the town, as they had a right to do, instead of at their homes. But one year, the political party against whom the students had usually voted, secured the control, and appointed two or three of their adherents guardians of the ballot-box.

As one student after another presented his vote, one of these officials, a pompous strutting man; challenged him. Several students had yielded rather than enter into a contest with the "loud" man. But at last, there came up a homely, awkward student, gifted with a large stock of mother-wit:

"Stop!" cried the pompous man, imperatively, as the student was about to vote. "Are you a voter, sir."

"Yes, sir," drawled the student.

"Where do you live?" demanded the man, thinking to make short work of this green youth.

"Why, here, sir."

"I mean, where do you reside?"

"Why, at the college, sir."

"You are a student there."

"Yes, sir."

"You are merely a student, and, yet claim to reside here?"

"Yes, sir, I reside here. Where else should I live and attend this college?"

"You know what I mean well enough." said the pompous man, impatiently. Don't you ever go away?"

"Of course I do, sometimes. The safety of the town doesn't require my constant presence," drawled out the student.

A laugh ran through the crowd, and the pompous man grew red in the face. But he gathered himself up for a final effort.

"Young man," said he solemnly, "these evasions are of no avail. Answer me this one question: "If you were sick, where would you go?"

The student hesitated, as if he did not like to say, "Home, sir," or 'Where my parents live."

"I insist on an answer," persisted the official, with a triumphant air of a man who has driven his opponent into a corner. "Where would you go if you were sick?"

"Well," drawled out the student. "If I must tell, I should—I should—go to bed."

Politeness is a wrath of flowers that adorns the world.

"Fire's Out."

On the bed in a dreary, ill-furnished room up two flights in the apartment hotel at the South End, Boston lay a large middle aged man, tossing in the delirium of typhoid fever. His wife, a pale little woman, sat on the bed beside him, holding fast to his right hand that would occasionally clutch her's with the vehemence of despair. A red-cheeked girl in the dawn of womanhood, whose face bore such a strong resemblance to the sick man's that the most unobservant stranger could not fail to call her his daughter, leaned over him from the other side, feeding him with little chips of ice and fanning him gently. He was William Smart, an old fireman from New York, who had come to Boston for employment as an engineer about a month ago. After hunting in vain for work until his money was nearly gone he had at last found a job in a large machine shop; and had just got settled in his new home and was beginning to feel that the world had some pleasure yet in store for him, when he was seized with a bad cold that terminated in a fever, which brought his hitherto stalwart frame to the portals of death.

In years gone by William Smart had belonged to the fire department of his native city, but increasing age and weight made it difficult for him to move about as quickly as formerly, and he had sent in his resignation, and it was accepted some five years before he came East. Since then he had worked on steam apparatus most of the time, and his family thought he had forgotten the habits which were once a second nature to him; but after he was taken ill and the hot, feverish blood began to tingle and burn in his veins he would have spells when his mind wandered away from the narrow dingy room where he lay, and some nights he would imagine he was running to fires from the time the street lamps were lighted until they paled before the glowing light of dawn. During the daytime the noise of the passing cars and vehicles seemed to recall him to the restless world around him, and his vagaries when he did have them, were not so fantastic.

But now, after nearly two weeks of illness he had become so exhausted that it was seldom that he spoke except to ask for water, and, save a hurried, tumultuous breathing, the only sign of life there was about him, was when he would have spells of vacantly fumbling and picking at the coverlid.

On the night in question he had just awakened from a sleep that was the longest that had been granted him since the sickness came on, and he was feeling "pretty considerably better," as he expressed it, so that when the ice had cooled his parched throat and mouth he surprised his family by saying he was going to get well.

"We hope so," said they.

"Oh, but I know it," was the answer. "Let me tell you. I have been asleep and I had a dream. I thought I was running the old engine as I used to do, and had got a day off. As I was walking around outside the city I came to a place I never was in before. I went on through the pretty country road and soon I came to a big gate. It was locked, and I knocked for admittance. A servant came out and looked at me, but when he saw I had my fireman's suit on he told me I could not go in because it was a very select place, and he had orders to admit no one without a ticket. But when I said I had no good suit but that one, and I must go then or not at all, he changed his mind, the gate was swung open, and I went through.

"It was a pretty place inside, with trees and lawns and parks and walks, with pavements that glistened bright. I went on and on, along a shining way, with branches over-arched, and as I went I thought my garments changed from blue to white upon me, so that when I came to where the pathway turned to follow down beside a winding stream, my uniform was lustrous as the sun, and all my silver buttons flashed like pearls. Then I was glad I had come there, and would have stayed there all the time, but when I thought of you I turned around to leave, at which I woke at once."

He told them that he felt better, and asked to be dressed in his uniform, saying that it would help to cure him. At first the family objected to this, but when his doctor came in and said it would do no harm and might be of benefit, the carefully preserved blue suit was brought out and put on him. When the coat was on and buttoned up he wanted his old engineman's cap, and it was brought. He put it on, smiled faintly, and said: "There, I am all right now." In five minutes he was sound asleep. He lay, quiet, breathing evenly and safely like an infant for nearly half an hour, and then awoke with a start and began to count aloud.

"One, two; one, two, three, four, five. six—twenty-six. It is a bad box and we go on the second," said he, all eagerness to be ready.

Tossing about on the bed he waited anxiously for the signal. He looked so strange lying there in his uniform with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes that his wife tried to induce him to take a soothing cordial. But he motioned her away impatiently, and asked her if she did not know any better than to come around when he was on duty.

He had scarcely ceased speaking to her when he shouted, "There's the second!" and would have sprung out of bed if the physician had not detained him by force.

The scene that followed was one to be remembered for a lifetime. Owing to his weak eyes the room was without light save what came through the window from an electric burner on the street in front of the house. There was a curtain of some thin fabric inside the glass, and the rays streamed in through it and fell on the bed in great white, waxy beads of light, such as appear to be sitting down through the clouds in Raphael's sublime "Transfiguration." Outside the coverlid in the midst of this lumineous rain was an engineman at a fire. A hundred times he ordered some imaginary assistant to put on more coal, and as many times did he look at the steam gauge and pass wise observations on the progress of the fight. By and by he ceased to do this, and fell back on his pillow as if exhausted.

"We are doing well; it is almost out," said he slowly.

The fierceness had gone out of his speech and the color from his cheeks; his eyes were still staring, but it was with a firm look that had no anxiety in it. Presently he moved around a little and murmured:

"The boys can come down soon; it is all smoke and no flame now."

Looking up again, he said:

"Ha! they are coming down the ladders with the hose. At last the fire is out," and fell back among the pillows.

"Yes, the fires are all out now," said the doctor, stepping up and closing his sightless eyes.

The Great Foreman, who gives our little fires a time to burn, had sent the "all out" signal in.

Yesterday afternoon an expressman carried a plain, black broadcloth coffin down to the Old Colony station, and last evening two closely muffled women embarked on the train for New York. They were taking his body home for burials.

Origin of the Dictionary.

Time was in literature when there were no dictionaries. Of course, letters had their small diffusion, *viva voce*. The few Sauls, for all the generations, could ask the fewer Gamaliels, on the quick moment for the short interpretation that should make a passage in their ornamented or antiquated disquisitions clear, and there was no need for more. By the lip could be solved the mystery coming from the lip, for within the portico, in the cloister, under the shade there on the hill, the master sat in the midst of his pupils, and the lip was near. Pupils, when knowledge was called for in distant parts had to be dispersed. Each stood solitary then, or nearly solitary, separated from the schools where scholary help could be drawn. Yet each stood facing a crowd grouped around him to be taught, and each at some word, some clause, at some peroration, at some pregnant corner-stone of an argument he was burning to launch straight home, found the text of his parchment a pit, or a stumbling block hindering him. The treasured manuscript was of his own copying, nearly for a certainty. That did not affect the case. As he read from it—spread on his knee perhaps, a scroll, laid open upon a desk, leaved and laboriously and delicately margined, and stitched and covered and clasped into the form of a goodly book—he had to expound its learned method so that it should touch the simple; or, bewildering it sadly he had to turn it from the Greek, from the Hebrew from any master-tongue, into the language, even the dialect familiar to his audience—a language often harshly unfamiliar to himself—and the right way to do this would again and again refuse to come to him, and his message failed. There was the pity of it; there was the grief. It could not be allowed to abide. And at last there occurred to him the remedy. In his quiet hours, his flock away, he would pour over his manuscript afresh. It might be missal, it might be commentary, treatise, diatribe, epic poem, homily, Holy Writ—the same plan would be efficacious for each one. After beating out the meaning, the crabbed, the Oriental, characters—of the painstaking, level, faultless Gothic letter—he would write this meaning, this exposition, this gloss, above each word, each phrasing that had given him trouble; and then, henceforth and forever such gloss would be there to see and to use, and every difficulty would have been magnetically to disappear.

At the very first word the very first of these conscientious Old World scholars thus glossed or explained the seed was sown of the New World dictionaries, and there has been no stop to the growth of this seed till the tree from it has spread its thick and wide branches as far as they have spread, and are still spreading to-day.

Interesting Roman Discoveries.

Some very interesting Roman sepulchral discoveries have been made lately at Mayence, in the carrying out of some considerable excavations and earthworks required for carrying the Ludwigsbahn railroad around the city. Close to the Neuthor the workmen came upon a place of considerable extent, evidently assigned to the sepulcher of civilians. A large number of large and small stone coffins were found at irregular distances from each other, the intervening spaces having been occupied by wooden coffins, as is proved by the fragments and the nails which were found. One stone coffin bore a plate which seems to have previously served as the "headstone" of a former grave; and all the indications suggest that the place had been used at successive periods as place of burial. Most of the graves that were opened contained skeletons of women and children, with bracelets, needles, censers for burning incense, etc. There was one metal coffin, in which lay a woman's skeleton, but without any inscription or ornament. In the children's graves there were toys and other objects, generally of beautiful workmanship, such as little bracelets, glass and earthen utensils, etc. There was one little polished goblet of singular beauty. One stone coffin (the inscription on which contained some mistakes) held the body of a woman, dressed with lime for the purpose of preservation, having the back-hair arranged in a long plait of eight strands, woven with great elegance, and the clearly-defined remains of a cap, the hair is now red, but most probably was black. There was in the coffin a stone needle-case, ornamented with gold bands, two bone dice, a wooden casket with bronze mountings, the key of which was in excellent preservation, and a bronze ring. As to other objects found in the place, a small bronze figure of a dancing Bacchante, three black earthenware vials beautifully painted, and bearing the following inscriptions: "Vivasmi," "bibe," "dos," were especially deserving of notice. A quantity of silver and bronze coins were found, ranging from the time of Hadrian to the end of the third century.

—War is being carried on in several cities in this country against the "swinging sign nuisance," just now.

The Crown Jewels of France.

The Crown Jewels of France were previous to a dispersion by an auctioneer, on show at the Exposition de Bijouterie Parisienne, in the Salles des Etats Louvre. M. Grevy and Madame Wilson were at the private view. The Crown jewels are in an octagonal niche draped with velvet, and the stand on which they are placed is one of three tiers surmounted by a glass case, and protected by an iron railing. As the President and his daughter approached the niche the stand rose slowly from beneath the floor through a trap which is provided with an iron door. On the highest tier is a sprig imitating oak which Napoleon wore as a brooch at his coronation. The Regent diamond is a conspicuous object, but hardly more splendid than the cut-glass knob of a decanter. It is lozenge shaped. Very few jewels were worn by the French Queens previous to 1793, the part of the old regalia devoted to their use having been given to the Duchesse d'Angouleme, who in her old age sold them to constitute a fortune for the Comte de Chambord.

"Much of what belonged to Josephine and Maria Louisa were reset for the Empress Eugenie, for whom the girdle in the collection was made in imitation of one she had seen in *La Biche au Bois*, an extravaganza played twenty years ago at the Port St. Martin. The eight coronets are the most striking objects. Those in diamonds made for the Empress Eugenie are in mediæval style. There is a curious and magnificent sword hilt presented by the Dey of Algiers to Louis XVIII. Pearls, sapphires and rubies enter into the composition of a few of the coronets and ornaments to match them. Jewellers are interested in a few specimens of diamonds cut in the old-fashioned manner. They belonged to the regalia of Louis Quatorze. Necklaces are arranged in festoons. I do not think them equal to those which Queen Isabella sold here. Shoe buckles, hair pins, clasps and insignia of foreign orders are numerous. and include a Garter. The Elephant and Castle of Siam was sent by the Emperor of that country to Napoleon III.

"The regalia was much impoverished in the reign of Louis Quinze, and enriched in that of Louis Seize, whose Queen was frequently remonstrated with by her mother, the German Empress, on her passion for diamonds. That imperial lady wrote to her: 'I can understand a woman of equivocal life who wants to give herself prominence bedecking herself with jewels. The queen of a great country can afford. as I have done, to have a poorly furnished casket.

How a President is Elected.

The election of President and Vice-President of the United States is not by a direct popular vote but by electors appointed in each state on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November in every fourth year. The date of their election this year will be November 6. Each political party will present tickets to the electors, each ticket commanding a number of names, equal in number to the Senators and Representatives to which a state is entitled—for instance seven in Minnesota for the two Senators and five Representatives—thirty-five in New York representing the two Senators and thirty-three Representatives to which the state is entitled. These electors were first intended to exercise an independant choice but their action has become automatic—strictly pledged to the candidates nominated by political conventions. The Electoral colleges, as these electors are called—meet on the first Wednesday in December in the year in which they are appointed at the State capitals, and then vote for President and Vice-President, transmitting certificates of results through the office and by special messengers to the President of the Senate of the United States at Washington. The returns are due before the first Wednesday of January next ensuing, and on the second Wednesday of February the certificates are opened in the presence of both Houses of Congress, counted by their presiding officers, and the persons elected to the offices of President and Vice-President ascertained and declared. Their inauguration occurs on March 4, the Chief Justice of the United States administering the oath of office.

Eastern Beds.

The beds of the poorer classes in India and other Eastern lands are nothing more than quilts wadded with cotton, so large as to enable the sleeper to wrap part of the bed round him, while he lies on the rest. A pillow is sometimes used made of fine cane matting stretched over a light frame work of bamboo, hollow and open at the ends. In Southern India a strip of mat six or seven feet long is often all the bed that is desired. In Syria it is often only a strip of carpet, which can be easily rolled up; the end portion is unrolled to form the pillow. Such beds can be easily washed and dried again, and can be rolled up like a bundle of flannel and carried away by their owners under their arms.

The fashion and form of these beds will enable us to understand these two texts of Scripture: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself upon it, and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it" (Isa. xxviii. 20); "Rise, take up thy bed and walk." John v. 8. There were, however, "beds of ivory" (Amos v. 4), and beds, or bedsteads, "of gold and silver." Esther i. 6.

Idle Land.

In England there is more land lying idle in sporting grounds, game reserves and landlords' parks than the whole kingdom of Belgium, which supports in happiness and prosperity 6,000,000 people and sends large food exports to London. An income of $175,000,000 a year is received by 8,142 landlords as rent on 46,500,000 acres of land.

—Last year's product of the Russian gold mines was $36,500,000.

—The Northern Pacific railroad has 310,937½ square miles of land

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 16, '84

CARL SCHURZ HAS VIEWS.

He Talks of the German Defection from Blaine.

[From an Interview in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

"Whom will you support then?" asked the reporter.

"Whom will the independent republicans support?" said Mr. Schurz.

"Yes, if you put it that way."

"It depends entirely upon the democratic party. Passing over the conventional talk about the democratic party being depended upon to do the wrong thing at the wrong time and to secure their own defeat, I will say that a man like Cleveland, of New York, or Bayard, of Delaware, can beat Blaine."

"And why do you think so?"

"Because the nomination of either means the loss to the republican party of New York, New Jersey and Indiana. It further means that the state of Wisconsin will be rendered more doubtful than it is now."

"Is it doubtful now?"

"Yes, because of its great German population. The Germans cannot support Blaine. His nomination means that Massachusetts is doubtful. It means that Ohio and Illinois are doubtful."

"Why Massachusetts?"

"For the same reason that Ohio and Illinois are doubtful."

"Blaine is the representative of that principle which has crept into the politics of this country—a desire to acquire office to enrich the holder.

"Perhaps this German defection is overestimated?"

"It is not. Hardly had the news of the nomination been flashed over the wires than such papers as the Milwaukee *Freie Presse*, the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*, the *Westliche Post*, the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, the Detroit *Post*, the Buffalo *Freie Presse*, the Belleville *Zeitung*, and the Pittsburg *Freiheits Freund* and a dozen of other influential German dailies spit out the nomination."

No injurious effects can follow the use of Ayer's Ague Cure in the treatment of malaria diseases. It contains, besides a specific and unfailing antidote for miasmatic poison, other remedial agents, which unite to expel the poisonous humors, purify the system, and leave it in a healthy and reinvigorated condition.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

The undersigned, a committee appointed by the Boalsburg Lodge, No. 894, I. O. of F., to prepare a tribute of respect to the memory of our late beloved brother, John Meyers, respectfully present the following:

WHEREAS, by his sterling integrity and strict attention to duty, his sagacity and forethought, quickness to devise or suggest anything for the good of the order or to advance the interests of his brothers, or his fellow men; his genial, kind and sympathetic nature, ever ready to respond to the call of need in time of sorrow and trial, and always evincing a true spirit of fraternity and charity, he has bound us to him by an indissoluble tie, therefore,

Resolved, That by his death the family loses a kind and loving husband and father, and our order an irreparable loss, that we will sadly miss him as we meet from time to time and mourn his absence because we know that we shall be forever deprived not only of his valued companionship but of the benefits of his wise counsel in our deliberations. And while we bow in humble submission to this stern decree which is passed on all men, we find consolation in the hope that our loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That while extending to the bereaved relatives our earnest sympathy in this the hour of trial and sadness, we very sensibly feel our inability by anything we can say or offer to assuage their grief over the loss of a faithful brother who has thus been stricken down in the flower of his manhood no more to see his familiar form or to be the recipients of his kind attentions and manly advice and counsel, but we beg to assure them that we will always cherish a kind remembrance of him.

Resolved, That the forgoing resolutions be recorded on the minutes of the Boalsburg Lodge, No. 894, I. O. of F., and published in the county papers, and a copy be presented to the family of the deceased and that our charter be draped in mourning thirty days.

J. N. DINGES,
EDWARD SELLERS,
J. H. WEBER, Committee.

A SPECIAL INVITATION.

We especially invite a trial by all those sufferers from kidney and liver complaints who have failed to obtain relief from other remedies and from doctors. Nature's great remedy, Kidney-Wort, has effected cures in many obstinate cases. It acts at once on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system of all poisonous humors and restoring a healthy condition of those important organs. Do not be discouraged but try it.

MASSACRE IN EGYPT.

Assouan, July 2.—It is rumored that 2000 Arabs have attacked and captured Debetto by assault. It is said that 3000 of the garrison and inhabitants were killed.

Quincy troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I have not had an attack. The Oil cures sore throat at once. Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich., Oct. 24, '84.

STATE COLLEGE TRUSTEES.

John H. Orvis, of Bellefonte; John A. Woodward, of Howard, and S. E. McCormic, Esq., of Lock Haven, have been re-elected members of the Board of Trustees of the State College. Hon. Amos H. Mylin, of Lancaster, and Sam'l R. Downing, Esq., of Chester, were chosen to fill the vacancies occasioned by the expiration of the terms of Victor E. Piolet and J. H. Artman.

☞Ladies, Attention!—In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any other dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c at all druggists. Everybody praises them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

IMPARTING VALUABLE INSTRUCTION.

"Papa," asked a little boy, "a man who steals a loaf of bread is a thief, isn't he?" "Yes, a dastardly thief."

"Is a man who steals $10,000 a thief, too?"

"Well, no, my boy, scarcely. Defaulter, I think, is the more appropriate word."

"And what is he called when he steals a million dollars?"

"There is no such thing as 'stealing' a million dollars, my son. It is termed 'diverting.' When a gentleman diverts a million dollars he is spoken of as a financier."

Mr. Blake Walter, of Clearfield, at one time private secretary of Col. Noyes, died at his home on Monday.

Items of Interest.

There are now 155 women students in Boston University.

Fifty-seven American women writers were born in Maine.

A New Albany firm gives every twentieth customer the amount of his purchase. The plan takes well.

In Chicago no less than thirty professional fortune-tellers and clairvoyants are sucking the substance from the superstitious.

The number of female physicians at present practicing in Russia amounts to 350, of whom there are no fewer than 100 in St. Petersburg itself.

The discovery of platinum in a vein is a rare occurrence, but Mr. J. A. Pond reports that he has found it in octahedral crystals in a quart vein in the Thames gold district in New Zealand.

What is known as the "Taxanome Company" of Hamburg has started vehicles provided with an apparatus which, by the turning of the wheels, marks the exact distance run.

The Japanese are the largest eaters of fish in the world. Fish, indeed, is the staple food of the nation. To boil fish is to take away the best part of its flavor, and in Japan there are as many varieties of fish cooking as there are different kinds of fish.

A Kansas girl was caught in male attire, and, as she refused to pay a fine of $10, a Justice sent her to prison for ten days. As there was no worse intention in her conduct than to play a prank, and the State has no law against what she did, her rich father has sued for damages.

California farmers are making war on squirrels with a machine, by which, it is claimed, two men can destroy thousands of these creatures in a day. It consists of an iron box in which to burn straw, with a pump to force the smoke into the intermost recesses of the holes.

Camels utterly wild may be seen on the desert lands at the head of the Gulf of California, where they find a congenial home and multiply steadily. These are a remnant of a herd which many years ago was imported by the Government to act as beasts of burden for the army in New Mexico and Arizona.

After canvassing Southern gentleman—not the "poor white trash"—very thoroughly upon the merits of the Blair bill, Joaquin Miller writes from Washington that, as a rule, Southern men are ready and anxious to give the negro all possible opportunities.

A tourist in Montana traveled eight days and nine nights in the direction indicated by a finger board, which read, "Six miles to Miles City," before he reached that place. Then he learned that the sign had been carried off by Indians, and stuck up where he saw it.

A remarkable case of change of color is exciting the medical men of Santa Barbara, Cal. Four years ago a man named Pina was of very dark complexion. White blotches began to appear on his skin, and now he is as white as any man, save on part of his face and hands.

Texas forty years ago was practically a desert and the handful of settlers lived entirely on game. To-day there are more than 10,000,000 cattle, sheep, horses, mules and swine in the State, and the cotton crop last year was worth more than the cotton crop of the entire United States in 1843.

Think of a book 87 pounds in weight, 8 inches thick, and 21 by 32 inches in surface dimensions. A ponderous ledger of these proportions has just been turned out of the Government bindery for the use of the United States Sub-Treasurer at New York. The kind of machinery by which it is opened and its leaves turned over is not mentioned.

Oliver Wendell Holmes recalls the fact that sixty years ago three little Boston boys might have been seen in patchwork costumes of melodramatic heroes performing in a garret theatre before an audience of young acquaintances. As he remembers them they had remarkable aptitude for acting. But they did not stick to the stage, for they grew up to be Wendell Phillips, Thomas G. Appleton and John Lothrop Motley.

Cincinnati is superstitiously interested in the case of a woman who falling asleep in a railroad train, dreamed vividly that her child at home had been seriously hurt. She was so deeply impressed by the vision that, on arriving in the city, she drove directly to a physician's office and carried him hastily to her residence, where the youngster was found to have been thrown from a swing at precisely the time that the mother had dreamed. The story is told circumstancially by the persons concerned.

Mrs. Stratton, better known as Mrs. Tom Thumb, the widow of the dwarf, is quite sensitive as to her size, and will only receive the most necessary help from others on that account. For example, when she enters a railway train or a street car, she seats herself at some inconvenience, by a nimble backward jump, rather than accept the aid of another to lift her into a seat. Once settled in place, the little woman sits upright in prim dignity, with her tiny feet dangling from the floor. The companion who is always with her never offers to assist on such occasions, in accordance with Mrs. Stratton's well-understood desire.

——The REPORTER during the campaign can be had at the low price of 40 cents.

HORN.

If some of our humble friends with four feet could speak, they would perhaps accuse man of being a terribly rapacious animal. Not only, they might say, does he eat our flesh, but he even utilizes our skin in various ways, and the very horns of our heads are cut out and shaped and polished and pieced together, until they assume a hundred shapes which nature never intended they should take. Time was when we were much greater sinners than we are now. In former days, and not so long since, either, the horn industry was of considerable importance in this country. There are, indeed, plenty of people who are by no means willing to confess themselves old, who remember when this material was used for a multitude of purposes for which glass and various metals are now employed. We are apt to think with pity of our forefathers, who used it for their lamps, and lanterns, and windows; but it is well to remember, on the other hand, that it possessed several recommendations, by no means to be despised. True, it was not so transparent as could have been wished, nor in those earlier days was it turned out of hand so artistically as it has been by the skill of more recent times. But then it required a good deal of breaking, and so our ancestors were spared some of the irritations which we unfortunate mortals have to endure. In other directions the substitution of glass for horn has more to be said in its favor. The modern tumbler, for example, is a distinct improvement upon the drinking-horn which it has supplanted. At the present time horn is used for the most part in the manufacture of combs, knife-handles, and mouth-pieces of pipes, although it is employed also, to a limited extent, for fancy articles. It is still utilized, too, for the hunting-horn, but the orchestral instruments denominated "horns," are now made of brass. Strange to say, one of the best kinds of horn for artistic purposes is that for which we are indebted to the comely and graceful rhinoceros, and it is so because it is solid instead of being hollow, as most other horns are. It is worth noting, too, that although the breeder has done much to improve the flesh of domesticated animals, it does not appear that any improvement has been superinduced either in the size or texture of the horns. It is suggested, indeed, that the horns of wild animals are more permanent than those of the domesticated races.

The Coming President.

WANTED, one or two Ladies or Gentlemen of undoubted reference and character, willing to work eight hours per day for a six months' engagement, as Traveling Agents for "The Lives and Graves of our Presidents," to every subscriber of which book WILL BE GIVEN FREE "The Lives of the Four Candidates." Why pay from $2 to $4 for the Lives of the Candidates when you can get it free? First applicants get choice of positions. Good pay to the right party. Address, giving name of reference,

HILL & HARVEY PUBLISHING CO.,
16ju3m 55 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an Illustrated Pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed, sealed 4 cents postage. Address, AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1103 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 23aprśm

LET THEM AWAY.

We mean the horrible, nauseous worm-seed compounds called worm syrups and vermifuges; many of them as worthless as they are obnoxious. They have outlived their usefulness. People do not want them since McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders, so easy and pleasant to take, can be had from any dealer. Every one who has tried them says they are the nicest and best vermifuge ever discovered. Children take them and never know a medicine is being administered. Any case of failure to cause expulsion where worms exist the money promptly refunded in every instance. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
2j2 Philadelphia Agents.

New spring stock of woolens, for merchant tailoring, at the Bee Hive.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—I will offer for sale a valuable farm, situated in Gregg township, 2 miles southwest of Spring Mills, containing 146 ACRES, of which 110 acres are cleared, balance good timber land; farm is in a good condition, thereon erected a good, large dwelling HOUSE, a good SUMMER-HOUSE, and all necessary outbuildings; a spring of never failing water, a large BANK BARN, and running water in the barnyard; contains two Orchards and all other kinds of fruits. JAMES HANNA,
7may3m Spring Mills, Pa.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 3, 1882.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.

In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.

A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.

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I am now prepared to furnish my friends and the public in general with Groceries, Dry-Goods, Notions and all goods embraced in general Merchandise at lower prices than ever offered before in Centre Hall. I pay Cash and sell for Cash, and therefore claim I can do better for you than anyone else is doing. Give me a trial.

PRODUCE WANTED.

SAW MILLS *supplied with Provisions at special rates.*

Very truly,
C. DINGES.

FINEST AND BEST.
J. H. BYRNES,
EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.
MANUFACTURED BY ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,
THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of
MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES
in the County.
ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE
ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST
..... SHOES, ...
the Most Comfortable Shoe Made. Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.
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ENGINES FOR SALE!
ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "
THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.
Will be sold Cheap at the
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BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
☞Free Buss to and from all trains.☜
Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

A CHANCE FOR BUSINESS.—The undersigned offers extra inducements to persons wishing to operate in lime burning or quarrying building stones. He has the best quality of lime stone for all purposes, analysed and tested, right on the L. & T. Railroad. Also quarries of the largest and most beautiful lime stone for building purposes, also cement stone pronounced first-class by the analyser. Ground will be sold or leased given, to suit operators. For further particulars call on C. J. STAMM,
23apr3m Linden Hall, Pa.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of George Korman, deceased, late of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. WASH. GARBERICK, Bellefonte,
28may6t S. M. LONG,
Executors, Farmers Mills.

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OF MONTPELIER, VERMONT.
Incorporated in 1848.
Assets, $3,000,000; Surplus, $1,050,000.
$1000 Bonds sold on yearly instalments. These bonds are payable to the holder at the expiration of 20 years or at previous death, or a stipulated amount payable in cash at the end of any year after the first, on their surrender. For circulars call on or address
R. M. McENALLY, Special Agent,
Office, one door North of Post Office, Bellefonte, Penn'a. 21may3m

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
BOSTON, MASS.,
—Chartered in 1835.—
Assets, December 31, 1883—$16,901,943.09
Surplus, " " " — 2,456,923.00
Policies non-forfeitable. Dividends annually, commencing with second annual payment. An endorsement of the Cash Value and Paid-up insurance for every year, made on each policy. Every life Policy becomes an endowment at a fixed age, without change of premium. MARSTON & WAKELIN, General Agents, 133 S. 4th St. Philad.
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It Is True

That stable manure is a first-class fertilizer. It is also true that Animal Bone Phosphates are first-class fertilizers. We know that it costs some farmers as much as $30 and $40 per acre for stable manure, while ¼ of the amount invested in Animal Bone Manures would give as good results. Yet all we ask farmers to use is 500 pounds to the acre of any of Baugh's Raw Bone Manures, and thereby find that they pay a large percentage of profit upon the investment.

500 pounds of the $25 Phosphate, at $25 per ton, in Philadelphia, costs $6 25.

Some farmers think 400 pounds per acre enough.

2 bags of the $25 Phosphate, each 200 pounds, will give you 400 pounds for $5.

TRY IT!

For circular giving analysis and for further information, address,
BAUGH & SONS,
Sole Manufacturers,
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New Store.
NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!
LOW PRICES!
HARPER & KREAMER,
Centre Hall,
Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
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COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,
We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
COME AND SEE US.
All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

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All kinds of bending in wood done on short notice. Orders filled for rims of all sizes, and of best material; bob-sled runners, shafts, bent bounds, plow handles, phaeton and buggy reaches. Send for price list. Orders by mail promptly attended to. All work guaranteed.
11oct y J. B. REAM & SON.

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style,

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

	Leave Westward. 1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.25	10.45	1.45	5.56
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.55	11.00	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		11.00	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		11.05	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		11.16	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.23	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.00ar.		11.40	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			lv3.00	
Milmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Spring Mills, ar	10.15			ar.5.30	

	Leave Eastward. 2 A.M.	4	6	8	10 P.M.
Spring Mills	5.50				1.50
Coburn	6.18				2.20
Laurelton	7.30				3.40
Milmont	7.40				3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.	8.00			P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.	8.00			12.10	4.13
			A.M.		
Vicksburg	8.15			12.26	4.28
Biehl	8.20			12.34	4.34
Fair Ground	8.30			12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar. A.M	8.35			1.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv. 5.25	8.55		10.15	1.05	5.25
Montandon ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.30	ar. 1.20		ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

Consult Dr. BUTTS
Dr. La Barge, SUCCESSOR TO
In disease of the Blood, Skin and Bones.—Nervous Debility, Impotency, Organic Weakness, Gonorrhea, Syphilitic and Mercurial Affections, Scientific treatment; safe and sure remedies. Deformities Treated. Call or write for list of questions to be answered by those desiring treatment by mail.
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2.6dwm Dr. C. L. LABARGE, Pres't and Physician in Charge Central Med. & Surg. Institute, 2320 Locust st., St. Louis, Mo. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 20 Years.

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Indulgence and Exercises.

Whether over eating and drinking are made harmless by using Hop Bitters freely, giving elegant appetite and enjoyment by using them before and removing all dullness, pains and distress afterwards, leaving the head clear, and all the feelings buoyant, elastic and more happy than before. The pleasing effects of a Christian or sumptuous dinner continuing days afterwards.

Eminent Testimony.

N. Y. "Witness," August 15, 1880,

"I find that in addition to the pure spirits contained in their composition, they contain the extracts of hops and other well known and highly approved medicinal roots, leaves and tinctures in quantities sufficient to render the article what the makers claim it to be, to wit, a medicinal preparation and not a beverage—unfit and unsafe to be used except as a medicine.

"From a careful analysis of their formula—which was attested under oath—I find that in every wine-glassfull of Hop Bitters, the active medicinal properties abide from the distilled spirits are equal to a full dose for an adult, which fact in my opinion, subjects to an internal revenue tax as a medicinal bitter. GREEN B. RAUM.

U. S. Com. In. Rev"

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs became puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in this case; otherwise I would have been in my grave.

J. W. MOREY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, '81.

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"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost, I know it." A WORKINGMAN.

$11,950

IN CASH

GIVEN AWAY

ATTENTION, SMOKERS!

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Every genuine package has picture of Bull.

☞ See our next announcement. ☜

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of **Dyspepsia,** or **Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

NOTHING IN THE WORLD EQUAL TO IT FOR THE CURE OF

SCROFULA, PIMPLES, BOILS, OLD SORES, MERCURIAL DISEASES, & MALARIA

DOCTOR LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

ITCH, — ALL — FEMALE COMPLAINTS, For LOSS OF APPETITE IT HAS NO EQUAL

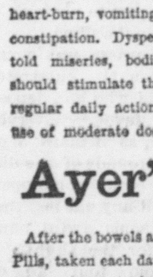
R. E. SELLERS & CO. PROPRIETORS. PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR

HELP Women MEN

WHO ARE **NERVOUS** AND

LACK VITAL ENERGY.



The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, **Male and Female Weakness,** etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only noticeable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for **Men only** at once reach the seat of disease, as they act directly upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without dragging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "**THREE TYPES OF MEN,**" for **MEN ONLY,** also one for **LADIES ONLY,** free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

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Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

[An address delivered by REV. F. AURAND at the presentation of a flag by the citizens of Rebersburg and vicinity to Lodge No. 298 of G. A. R. on evening of July 4, '84.]

Observations on War.

By the original law of nations war and extirpation were punishment of injury. Humanizing by degrees it admitted slavery instead of death; a farther step was the exchange of prisoners instead of slavery; another, to respect more the property of private persons under conquest, and be content with acquired dominion. But later prisoners were and are being held as hostages as means to an end, exchange for exchange, at the sacrifice of many lives, therewith to be content with acquired dominion.

The question was once asked why this law of nations should not go on improving? Ages have intervened between its several steps; but as knowledge increases rapidly, why should not those steps be quickened for the universal peace of all nations? Why should it not be agreed to, as the future law of nations, that in any war hereafter, a congress of peace be established and continued in practical power that all classes of men could rest and be undisturbed, having the protection of both sides, and be permitted to follow their employments in security?—viz.: The cultivator of the earth because he labors for the subsistance of mankind. 2 The fisherman for the same reason. 3 The merchant and trader in unarmed ships, who accommodate different nations and exchanging the necessaries and conveniences of life. 4 The artist and mechanic, inhabiting and working in open towns. 5 The professional man employed and engaged in the science and order of good government.

It is for the interest of humanity in general that the occasion of war and the inducements to it should be diminished. If rapine be diminished one of the encouragements to war is taken away; and peace therefore more likely to continueand be lasting.

As a dire result of war is the great loss sustained by all—individuals, families and the government, or nations engaged in it; robbing merchants on the high seas, rich ships are surprised and taken. * * * *

Then there is the national loss of all the labor of so many men during the time they have been employed in robbing, who besides spend what they get in riot, drunkenness, debauchery; lose their habits of industry; are rarely fit for any sober business after a peace, and serve only to increase the number of highwaymen and housebreakers

Then the loss of lives and the undisturbed rest of peace of families, in that of a kind father, husband, son and brother being severed from the family circle, no more to return and greet each other in sweet embraces of love. But thanks to a kind Providence that out of the many who had enlisted in the great war of our land a few were spared and returned after peace was established to enjoy the comforts of life, of home and the prosperity of the land and freedom of all, and as a memento organized themselves and are doing so in every town and hamlet and village throughout the entire land for an amusement stimulating to, and only appreciated by the soldier—the Grand Army of the Republic.

It is true that in some of the states there are parties and discords; but let us look back and ask if we were ever without them? Such there will exist wherever there is liberty, and perhaps they help to preserve it. By the collision of different sentiments sparks of truth are struck out and political light is obtained. The different parties, by which we are divided, aim all at the public good; the differences are only about the various modes of promoting it. Things, actions, measures and objects, of all kinds, present themselves to the minds of men in such a variety of lights that it is not possible we should all think alike at the same time on every subject, when hardly the same man retains at all times the same ideas of it. Parties are, therefore, the common lot of humanity, and ours are by no means more mischievous or less beneficial than those of other countries, nations and ages, enjoying in the same degree the great blessings of political liberty.

Now, then, if we consider the object of this little band—the Grand Army of the Republic—a making up of representatives of the late war, that there is a blending of parties in the interest of all by the one common standard, the American flag, waving over land and sea, with the principles inscribed on its banner, "the land of the free and the home of the brave." And being assembled on this evening of the memorable day, the fourth of july, '84, in memory of and celebrating our national independance and the day its declarations were made, that this land was free, and adopting as our standard-bearer the American flag as an ensign of our independance with thirteen stars on the right upper corner and stripes of red, white and blue. The thirteen stars it first bore were representatives of the number of constitutional states which had confederated and formed themselves in an independant government. The stripes represent this land as having been purchased by the scrifice of blood, that the laws and institutions of this government were and should remain untarnished, with all purity of purpose, and that all subjects should prove true allegiance to the principles of the constitution adopted and laws enacted. In honor of the G. A. R. having been defenders of the same, and a goodly number of those soldiers of the late war, residents of Miles township, Centre county, have for their mutual benefit formed themselves into a society at this place, and thirty have become an integral part of the whole Grand Army of the Republic, and the citizens of Rebersburg and vicinity respecting you and feeling a deep interest in the cause hereby represented, have concluded to manifest their respect and interest in the presentation of the flag, therefore purchased with thirty-six stars representive of thirty-six states now belonging to this grand Republic. This is to adorn your commodeous hall and remind you of your very valuable service rendered in the interest of our country and support of its colors in the late war as an ensign of freedom to all. May you accept this tribute of respect as a token of love and esteem all have for you, and may it wave long, until time be no more, over the land of the free and home of the brave.

In no other medicinal preparation have the results of the most intelligent study and scientific inquiry been so steadily and progressively utilized as in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases.

The Plumed Knight's next literary venture will be entitled, "Twelve Years a Candidate; or, A Boom Which Petered Out at Last." It will have a yellow back cover, and be as absorbing as a dime novel.—San Francisco *Examiner.*

Mr. Blaine is said to have a scrap book into which to put whatever is said against him. At the end of the campaign, unless he becomes discouraged by the size of his job, he will have the largest collection of scrap-books in the world. —Chicago *Times.*

Jack Logan must feel it keenly when villianous newspapers dig up his gramatical breaks, when they resurrect his ante-bellum speeches, it is safe to say that the atmospnere in his immediate vicinity assumes a lurid hue.—Galveston *News.*

Never neglect a constipated condition of the bowels, or serious results surely follow, such as piles, impure blood and many chronic complaints. Burdock Blood bitters is the remedy.

A large balloon, about 60 feet in diameter came down at Stormstown, on 5. It had started at Conneaut Lake, Crawford county, and the owner offered a reward of $5 for its return to the starting point. As it came to the ground Dr. Elmer Mong caught the trapeze, but instead of holding it down it rebounded from the earth, jerking him into the air and in his fall he alighted on a stump, fracturing a couple of ribs. A number of men and boys finally captured the unwieldy airvessel and we presume it has been returned to the little lake ere this.

The balloon, we have learned since, made its escape from Pittsburg, on 4th, making the distance, 160 miles, in 2½ hours.

"Sabre Strokes of the Pennsylvania Dragoons, in the War of 1864-1865," interrupted with personal reminicenses, by Rev. T. F. Dornblaser, is a neatly printed work of 264 pages, for a copy of which we are indebted to the author's sister, Miss Puella Dornblaser. The table of contents offers a feast of interesting reading of incidents of the late war, which will not be found in any other work. It is a work fit to be in any library, written in lively style and couched in good language. The author is well known in this part of the state and this alone should insure for the book a large sale. It will no doubt prove a good thing for agents, and any of our readers desiring to canvass should address Miss P. E. Dornblaser, Mackeyville, Pa., or the author, Rev. T. F. Dornblaser, Topeka, Kas.

LETTER CARRIERS' SECRETS.

"There is not a letter carrier in the city but who is the custodian of the secrets of some one on his route," said a well-known postal official recently. "What a sensation they would create if what they knew could be revealed at one time! The divorce courts would be overcrowded, and rivals for maidens' affections would be parading the streets, armed to the teeth, looking for the other fellow. But there is a barrier to these revelations. The Postal laws strictly provide that a carrier must never tell of what he sees, repeat what he hears nor make public in any manner the address upon a letter. When notified to deliver letters only to the person to whom addressed it is enjoined upon him to remember this rule, especially as regards members of the same family. Well do I remember when I was a carrier a certain maiden on Broad street was receiving letters from a father and son. Whether one knew that the other was writing to the girl or not I do not know, but this I saw several times: When she received a note from the old gentleman she was very deliberate in her movements, but when I handed her one from the son she was out of the house in a jiffy.

One of the most annoying things to the carriers is the imprudence of 'mashers. I have had these fellows intercept me and offer $5 or $10 if I would tell who such a lady was, and whether she were married or not. I remember one lady in particular, who came here from a neighboring city and stopped at the residence of a millionaire. She was a magnificent woman. A man would hardly pass her without turning around to take a second look. The mashers nearly went crazy over her, and one met me at nearly every street corner on my route with some question regarding her. I came near getting into half-a-dozen fights over her, and was glad when she went home. But the devices of married men and women who are holding clandestine correspondence are ingenious. All such people stand upon a volcano, not knowing the minute it will begin to send forth fire and a ruined reputation. One man used to beg me every day 'for God's sake don't let my wife get hold of my letters.' The woman was as smart as her husband. She was also holding a secret correspondence, and I was in that, too. She did not want her husband to know of it. I took good care of both, and they enjoyed cheating each other. At one time I have known on my route half a dozen ladies who were resting under the belief that their husbands were holding a correspondence which should not be carried on. Each one would give me minute directions that if I received a letter from such and such a place to be sure and hand it to her, as it was important and interested both. No doubt it did, but then I didn't think three should take a hand in the business; only the husbands received the dainty epistles.

But the increased facilities of the new office offer the most extended opportunities for sly work. Boxes are cheap and the latest trick now is for husbands to have their tender epistles sent to these boxes. They have the key and no one else can get into it. If the wife happens to find the key, why, she is easily satisfied by being told it belongs to a door at the store or the safe, or something of that sort. You see, only one clerk or so knows anything of your letters. No one has an idea where you live or anything else. But then, postal clerks and letter carriers learn quickly. Traveling salesmen are becoming heavy patronizers of the boxes since they have become cheap. The excuse for these gentry is that they receive letters they do not wish to be sent home. So the envelopes are dropped into their boxes, and when they return from their tours they find bundles of letters and no one to ask questions that might bother them to answer.

THE UTILITY OF PAIN.

The utility of pain is seen in the membrane which sweeps the surface of the eye, for instance in several animals, whenever any irritant particle is brought into contract with these delicate structures. The pain caused by the foreign body sets up reflexly a muscular contraction in this membrane, and thus it is brought across the eye, sweeping the surface, and so the offending matter is removed. When the foreign body is too fixed to be so removed, disorganization of the eye follows, and amid a general destruction of the organ the irritant matter is got rid of. Destruction of the eye in these animals would be a common occurrence if it were not for this muscular arrangement, and pain is the excitant; it is, as it were, the finger which pulls the trigger, and so the machinery already provided and prepared is set in action thereby. In man the suffering caused by a foreign body in the eye calls the attention to the part and leads to its removal. If it were not for the pain so produced irremediable mischief would often be permitted to go on unchecked, because unnoticed. Not only does pain so defend the eye from the injurious effects of foreign bodies, it often serves to protect the delicate organ from overwork; and where pain is so produced rest is given to the part, and recovery is instituted. Especially is this seen where the eyes are not an absolute pair, and long perusal of a page strains them. Proper spectacles making the eyes a pair give prompt and permanent relief. The grave diseases of the eye are those which are painless, where incipient disease is aggravated by persistent action, all of which would be avoided if pain were a consequence of the malady.

Each purchaser of a dress is presented with a paper pattern—Valentines Store Co., Lim., Bellefonte. 2j4t

COUNTRY HOUSE IN KENTUCKY.

English novels have made the novel-reading world familiar with the characteristics of English country gentlemen; their hospitality, their broad acres, and above all, the comfort of their homes. Around their hearthstones gather their friends from far and near, and all the comforts and all the refinements of modern civilization are called in to make them happy. It is the same at Mt. Sterling. There is none of that pretentious shoddiness which so disgusts one among the wealthy parvenues of the large commercial centres. Comfort, not style, elegance, not attempted show, are the rule. The house is large and roomy, and seems to be meant to accomodate a large number of guests, as no doubt it does. Every room is a model of comfort. Great feather beds, inviting you to slumber, remind one of the good old Knickerbocker homes about which Irving loved to write. The fireplaces are broad, hearty and hospitable, just the kind to make your heart warm and fill you with a feeling of satisfaction towards yourself and all the world. The furniture is in accord with what you would expect in a home where comfort ruled and not show. Sofas, made to sit on and to lie on and not to look at are scattered about and are covered with rich and warm-looking rugs, while bright and substantial-looking carpets are spread over the floors. The three graces of modern civilization—order, elegance and comfort—show themselves everywhere, and the greatest of these, as my genial host and his sister will tell you, is comfort.

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A VERY FINE SELECTION OF

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"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Devereux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. *Christian Monitor,* Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

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"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

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"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 15 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort *permanently cured* me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

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Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
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Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 26, 1881

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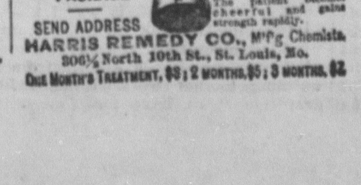

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"LITTLE BROWN HANDS."

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shell—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land

They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land—
The sword and chisel and palette,
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

HOW SNOOKS GOT OUT OF IT.

"If you will take my advice," said Mr. Wilding, making a last noble but futile effort to balance the ivory paper-knife on the top of his finger, "you won't go to the Brownrig's ball."

"And why not?" asked his companion, irritably.

"Well, I really wouldn't, you know," said Mr. Wilding, giving up his struggle with the impossible and laying the refractory paper-knife upon the table, "for a variety of reasons. Girls play the very mischief with you, and you know what trouble it gave me to get you out of your last scrape. There are four Brownrig girls, aren't there? And they are all pretty."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," said Snooks, sulkily. "There's safety in a multitude. I cannot marry them all, can I?"

"Happily not. Though, if the laws of your land did not forbid it, I am inclined to think you might try to accomplish even that. Still, be advised, Snooks, and be conspicuous by your absence of the Brownrig's 'small and early.' Papa Brownrig, when incensed, is not nice, and you know you are decidedly esprit with Miss Kate."

"No, I am not," said Snooks, with decision, "not a bit of it. Though I allow she is a handsome girl, and has lovely eyes. Hasn't she, now?"

"I don't know. As a rule I never look into a woman's eyes. I consider it a rudeness as well as *betise*," said Wilding, earnestly, telling his lie without a blush. "Never mind her eyes. If," warningly, "you must go to this ball, at least try and forget that she has any eyes at all. If you don't you will propose to her to a moral certainty."

"One would think I was a raw school boy," said young Snooks, wrathfully. "Do you think I can't look at a woman without committing myself? Do I look like a fool?"

Whatever Mr. Wilding thought at that moment he kept to himself. Before he spoke next he and his conscience had agreed to dissemble.

"My dear fellow, don't let us even hint at such a thing," he said, amiably. "I only meant you were slightly—very slightly—susceptible, and that Miss Kate has a certain amount of pleasing power, and that—I positively would give up this ball if I—"

"Are you going?" broke in Snooks, impatiently.

"Well, yes, I dare say I shall look in about twelve."

"Then I shall look in with you," said Snooks, defiantly.

"Fact is, the fellow wants to spoon her himself, and he don't see the force of being cut out," said he to himself, complacently, as he ran down the steps of Wilding's stairs.

Beyond all question the Brownrig's ball was a decided success. The rooms were filled to overflowing, the staircases were choked, the heat was intolerable, Sir Thomas and Lady Higgins had actually put in an appearance after all, and the supper, if uneatable, was, I assure you, very expensive. No pains or money had been spared; everything was what the mistress of the house called "rug regal," and all the Miss Brownrigs looked as charming as any one could desire.

There were four of them. There was Kate, the second daughter—Snooks' friend and the possessor of the lovely eyes. And they were lovely; large "and dark, and true and tender," like the north, according to the Laureate; "black as sloes," said her fond, if slightly oppressive mother and of the languid, melting order.

Then there was Hetty, the eldest girl, who, if her eyes were not dark as midnight, had at least the dearest little nose in the world. A pure Greek feature, perfect in every respect, ignorant of colds in the head, that made one long to tell her (only she would have blushed, they were all nicely brought up) about Dudu and her Phidian appendage.

Then came Georgie—"George the III," as she was playfully termed in the bosom of her family—who, if she had neither nose nor eyes like her sisters, had certainly a prettier mouth than either. A sweet, little, kissable, rose-bud of a mouth, that pouted and laughed alternately, and did considerable execution.

And, finally, there was Lily. A tall, pale girl with blue eyes, a finely cut chin, and a good deal of determination all around.

Kate's eyes were larger, darker, and (when she looked at Snooks and thought of his thousands) more melting than ever that night. Her dress, if slightly *bizarre*, was intensely becoming. Snooks, for the first half hour, kept himself bravely aloof from her fascinations, declined to notice her reproachful glances and languishing *œillades*, and for reward was wretched. Finally, being driven into a corner during a fatal set of Lanciers, he met her eyes, saw and was conquered. She would dance the next set with him? Yes (coldly). And the next? Yes (more gently). And the ninth—and he could see she is disengaged for it—Yes (this time quite warmly).

An hour later the deed was done. Some capital champagne, a dark avenue (I believe there were some Chinese lanterns there originally, but a kind wind had blown them out), and a soft little hand slipped into his, did the work, and Miss Kate promised, bashfully, but with an unmistakable willingness, to be the future Mrs. Snooks. Whether it was Snooks or the property pertaining to Snooks the most affected deponent saveth not.

When, however, her betrothed had found what he had done, and remembered his former words, and all the awfulness of parental wrath, his heart failed him. He went, as he usually did when in sorry case, in search of Wilding; and having discovered him, took him into a side room, and shutting the door confronted him with a rather pale face.

"So the eyes were too many for you," said Mr. Wilding, calmly, after a deliberate examination of the disturbed face before him. "I told you how it would be."

"That's the sort of thing any fellow might say," returned Snooks, pathetically. "I didn't think you would have been so aggravating; and just when you see I'm down on my luck, too. Yes, I've been and gone and done it."

"Mother will be pleased," quoted his friend and law adviser with a shrug. "So, bye the bye, will be your father. They both regard nothing so highly as birth. I suppose Miss Brownrig can lay claim to some decent breeding?"

"The old chap is a corn chandler, you know that; at least he used to be," said Snooks with a heavy groan.

"Oh, indeed! Did a very charming business, too, I make no doubt. Leads up to quite a train of ideas. Corn, wheat, staff of life, quaint old mill and rustic bridge in the distance; miller sitting on it. I wonder," dreamily, "if Brownrig ever wore a white hat? And if so—why? Don't all speak at once. Well, well, she is very pretty. Such eyes, you know. I really congratulate you, my dear fellow."

"Wilding," desperately, "can't you do something? I—I don't know how it happened. It was through the champagne, I suppose; and of course you know she is pretty; but I don't want to marry any one, and I know the governor wouldn't hear of it."

"He will have to hear of it now, won't he?" said Wilding, unfeelingly.

"He would go out of his mind if such a thing were ever hinted to him," declared Snooks wildly. "Try to help me out of it, Wilding, can't you?"

"I don't see what there is to do, except marry her. I only hope Lady Snooks and Miss Cornchandler will get on. And you should think of her beauty, you know; doubtless it will console you when Sir Peter cuts you off with the customary shilling."

"I suppose I had better cut my throat and put an end to it," said Snooks, dismally, and then—overcome, no doubt, by the melancholy of this suggestion—he breaks down and gives way to tears.

"I say, don't do that, you know," exclaimed Wilding, indignantly. "Weeping all over the place won't improve matters, and will only make you look a worse fool than nature intended when you go out of the room. Look here," angrily, "if you are going to keep up this hideous boohooing I'll leave the room and you, too, to your fate. They will hear you in the next house if you don't moderate your grief."

As the nearest house was a quarter of a mile off this was severe.

"I shouldn't care if they heard me in the next town," said Mr. Snooks, who was quite too far gone for shame.

"There is just one chance for you, and only one," said Wilding, slowly. "I have an idea, and you must either follow it—or go to the altar."

"I'll follow anything," eagerly. "What is it?"

"You have proposed to Miss Katie," solemnly. "Now go and propose to the other three."

As Wilding gave vent to this idea he turned abruptly on his heel and left the room.

"I'll do it," said Snooks, valiantly drying his eyes and giving his breast a tragic tap, "whatever comes of it."

Going into the hall he saw Hetty standing near an entrance; a little way beyond her was Kate, conversing with a tall and lanky youth. Not daring to glance in the direction of the latter, who plainly expected him to come straight to her on the wings of love, he turned and asked Hetty to dance.

They danced, and then (it was the custom with the ball-goers in that mild suburban neighborhood) he drew her out under the gleaming stars and up the dark avenue that a few minutes since was the scene of her sister's happiness.

There he proposed in due form, and was again accepted. Hetty's conduct, indeed, was perhaps a degree more pronounced than Katie's because she laid her head upon his shoulder, and he felt he was by all the laws of sentiment bound to kiss her. Her nose looked lovely in the pale moonlight, so I dare say he did not find the fulfilling of this law difficult.

After that he had some more champagne, and then he proposed to Miss Georgie, who also consented to be his. There now remained but one other step to be taken. He crossed the room, and asked the youngest Miss Brownrig to dance. He was getting rather mixed by this time, and was on the very point of asking her to marry him instead, so customary had the question grown to him now. Miss Lily, however, declined to dance on the plea that she was tired, and could exert herself no more. With questionable taste he pressed the matter and begged her to give him one, just one. At this she told him frankly that she did not admire his style of dancing, which ended the conversation. He asked her to come for a stroll instead; and having arrived at the momentous spot he delivered himself of the ornate speech that had already done duty three times that night. I forget what it was, but I know that it wound up with the declaration that he adored her and wanted to marry her.

"It is extremely good of you, I'm sure," said the young Miss Brownrig, calmly. "But, uncivil as I fear it must sound, I don't want to marry you."

"Don't you, by Jove!" said Snooks, hastily. "Well, that is awful ki—no, no!" pulling himself up with a start; "I don't mean that, you know; I mean it's awful horrid, you know. In fact," warming to his work through sheer gratitude, "you have made me miserable forever; you have broken my heart."

"Dear me, how shocking!" said Miss Lily, frivolously. "Let us hope that time will mend it. I'm not very sure that you did not speak the truth at first. I really believe it is kind my refusing you. And now, Mr. Snooks, if I were you I should go and say good night to mamma, because you have been having a good deal of papa's champagne and it is trying to the constitution."

Snooks took the hint, bade farewell to Mrs. Brownrig, who, to his heated imagination, appeared to regard him already with a moist and motherly eye, and taking Wilding's arm drew him out of the house.

"Well?" said the latter interrogatively.

"I don't know whether it is well or ill," returned he, gloomily. "But I followed your advice and proposed to 'em all."

"And they accepted you?"

"The most of 'em. But Lily, the youngest, she—"

"Always said she was a sensible girl," put in Mr. Wilding, sotto voice.

"Did you?" with much surprise. "Well, she refused me; sort of said she wouldn't have me at any price. So you see you were wrong!"

"I always knew she was one of the most intelligent girls I ever met," Mr. Wilding repeated, in a tone so difficult that his companion for once had sufficient sense to refrain from demanding an explanation.

The next morning, as Katie Brownrig turned the angle of the hall that led to her father's sanctum (whither a sense of filial duty beckoned her) she almost ran into the arms of her three sisters, all converging toward the same spot from different directions. Simultaneously they entered Mr. Brownrig's study. (He called it a library; but that word is too often profaned for me to profane it, so I shall draw the line at study.) But to return. Miss Lily, being the youngest, was of course the first to raise her voice.

"I had a proposal last night, papa, and I have come to tell you about it," said she in a tone replete with triumph.

It is so sweet to the mind of the youth to outdo its elders. But "on this occasion only" the elders refused to be outdone. They each and all betrayed a smile of inward satisfaction, and then gave way to speech.

"No!" they said in a breath. They did not mean to doubt or be impolite; they only meant surprise.

"The curate," said Hetty, in a composed but plainly contemptuous whisper. It was a stage whisper.

"Old Major Sterne, said Miss Georgie, promptly.

"Perhaps Henry Simms," suggested Katie, with some sympathy. Then turning to her father, she said, with a conscious blush, "It is very strange, papa, but I, too, had a proposal last night."

"And so had I!" exclaimed Georgie and Hetty in a breath.

"Eh?" said papa, pushing up his spectacles. He was fat and pudgy, with sandy hair and a flabby nose. He was a powerful man, too, and one unpleasant to come to open quarrel with. Proposals in the Brownrig family were few and far between—in fact curiosities—and so much luck as the girls described falling into one day, overpowered him.

"One at a time; my breath is not what it used to be," he said, addressing Katie. (If he said breadth, it would have been especially true, as his mother—if she was to be believed—always declared he was a lean baby). "May I ask the name of your lover?"

"Mr. Snooks," said she with down cast eyes and a timid smile. She took up the corner of a cherry colored bow that adorned her gown, and fell to admiring it through what she fondly thought was bashfulness.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Georgie, angrily.

"What a disgraceful untruth!" cried Hetty rudely. "Mr. Snooks proposed to me last night and I accepted him."

"What is that you say? Oh, I am going out of my mind; my senses are deserting me," said Georgie, putting her hands to her head with a dramatic gesture. "Or is it a dream that he asked me to marry him, and that I, too, said 'yes?'"

"I seldom visit the clouds," said Lily, with a short but bitter laugh; "and I certainly know he made me a noble offer of his hand and heart, both which treasures I declined."

"Where?" demanded the other three, as though with one mouth.

"In the laurel avenue!"

At this they all groaned aloud.

"Perfidous monster!" said Hetty, from her heart.

"Am I to understand," began Mr. Brownrig, with suppressed but evident fury, "that this—this unmitigated scoundrel asked you all to marry him last night?"

"If we speak the truth, yes," replied the girls dismally.

"He was drunk," said papa, savagely.

"I can't believe it," said Katie, who was dissolved in tears—in fact, "like Niobe all tears"—by this time. "Nothing could be nicer than the way he did it. His language was perfect and so thoroughly from the—heart."

"He addressed me in a most honorable, upright and Christian fashion," said Hetty. "I'm sure he meant every word he said."

She was thinking uneasily of that kiss in the moonlight. Could any one have seen her? Was old Major Sterne anywhere about at the moment?

"I certainly considered his manner strange, not a bit like what one reads," said Georgie, honestly, "but I thought of the title and the property, and said yes directly."

"I thought him the greatest muff I ever spoke to," broke in Miss Lily with decision. "I refused him without a moment's hesitation, and told him to go home. I'm sure it was well I did. I dare say if he had stayed here much longer, he would have proposed to mama next, and afterward to the upper housemaid. I agree with you, papa, the champagne was too much for him."

"I—I think he is fond of me," said Katie, in a low and trembling tone. Her fingers are not now playing with the cherry colored bow, but her eyelids have borrowed largely of its tint.

"Don't be a goose, Katie," said the youngest Miss Brownrig, kindly but scornfully; "you don't suppose any of us would marry him now after the way he has behaved. Do have some little pride."

"Perhaps he is mad," said Hetty vaguely. Just at this moment as a salve to her wounded vanity she would have been glad to believe him so.

"No, my deary," declared Lily, calmly; "he has no brains worth turning."

"He said something, papa, about calling to-day at 4 o'clock," said Katie very faintly.

"Then I shall sit here till 4," returned Mr. Brownrig in an awful tone. "I shall sit here until 5, and then I shall get up and go out and find that young man, and give him such a horse-whipping as I warrant you he never got before in his life."

"Don't be too hard on him, papa," entreated Katie weakly.

"I shan't, my dear, but my whip will," said papa, grimly.

So he waited until 5; he waited until 5 30, and then he took up a certain heavy gold-knobbed whip that lay stretched on the table as though in readiness, and sallied forth in search of Snooks' rooms. And he found them, and Snooks too—in bed, suffering from a severe catarrh, caught, I presume, in the laurel avenue.

And no man knows what he did to Snooks. But at least he gave him an increased desire for his bed, because for a fortnight afterward he never stirred out of it.

When Mr. Wilding heard of all this, I regret to say he gave way to noisy mirth in the privacy of his own chambers, and was actually caught by his washerwoman—who peeped through the keyhole—performing a wild dance in the middle of the floor.

A Fighter Talks.

At the late meeting of cadets at West Point, Gen. Crook, the famous Indian fighter, read an interesting address. He can neither talk nor read well, but he is as practical and sensible as he is brave. He is tall and broad framed. He has long light whiskers that almost cover his face and hang in two points under his cheeks. He has small eyes and short, thick hair, that stands up like so much short wire. When he came to the subject of Indians every ear was strained to catch his faintly and rapidly spoken words. He said that the Indian question is practically solved, and that we have no frontier. War with the Indian tribes can never again assume formidable dimensions. The savage is more ready to accept civilization than civilization is to accept him. With all his faults, and he has many, the American Indian is not half so black as he has been painted. He is cruel in war, treacherous at times, and not over cleanly. But so were our forefathers. His nature, however, is responsive to a treatment which assures him that it is based upon justice, truth, honesty, and common sense; it is not impossible that, with a fair and square system of dealing with him, the American Indian would make a better citizen than many who neglect the duties and abuse the privileges of that proud title.

An Ancient Relic.

At a meeting of the Tennessee Historical Society, held in Nashville, Gen. Thruston presented a rare old flint-lock gun. It is probably the oldest gun in the State. It is about six feet in length and handsomely ornamented with brass mountings. The end or the long barrel, where it has rested against the wall, is worn away with usage. The letters and figures, "H. M., 1741," are deeply cut in the brass mounting, verifying its antiquity and showing that it is at least 143 years old. It was doubtless in use when Daniel Boone was born, and was an old gun at the time of Braddock's defeat by the Indians before the Revolution. The gun was presented to Gen. Thruston by the chief ordinance officer of the federal army at Nashville in 1865. He selected it out of 10,000 captured and condemned arms stored in a warehouse on the public square as the most interesting veteran of the lot. It was reported to have been captured in a skirmish at Lavergne, Tennessee, in 1862. The initials, "H. M.," in monogram on the stock, may enable some of our readers to identify it. Its early history would doubtless give it additional interest.

The Suez Canal.

The question whether the present Suez Canal shall be enlarged, or a second and parallel canal be cut, will come up for decision before the International Technical Commission appointed to consider the subject. The Commission, immediately after its appointment and organization, set special engineers to work to make estimates and reports upon all the plans proposed for improving the transportation across the Isthmus. The engineers have completed their work and handed in their reports. The meeting of the Commission is now called to take action upon the work of the engineers, and to decide upon the best plan to recommend to the shareholders at their meeting in July. It is reported that the engineers nearly all favor an enlargement of the present canal as the best and cheapest means of meeting the demands of shippers, and it is said that the great majority of the Commission have been converted to the same view, and will recommend the enlargement plan.

A Novelty in Murder.

A novel and dangerous mode of committing secret murder by poisoning was disclosed recently in the posthumous papers of a deceased physician in Paris, who, in addition to more than common eminence in his profession, had obtained high repute as a toxicological expert.

Three years ago the wife of M. Verneuil, to give the name of the inventor of this new asquatofana, died in the congestive stage of what was regarded by her medical attendants as an obstinate case of malarial fever. The symptoms were unique in some particulars. The cold stage of the paroxysm was not accompanied by the muscular tremors, but these were slow, creeping, torpid and simultaneous, with apparent wandering of the senses, while, in the fever that followed, the temperature rose to an extraordinary height, and in her delirium the patient recited in measured accents, without variation in tone, a totally disconnected and incoherent succession of words, as if reading from a dictionary. The perspiration that succeeded this climax and closed the daily attack was cold, clammy and accompanied by a grayish pallor, with a purplish tinge of the lips and deadly exhaustion.

These significant facts were regarded, however, by the physicians in consultation—for this daring scientific murderer had the hardihood to bring in the ablest practitioners in Paris—as mere variations in the phenomena of the disease, which rapidly, but by regular stages, sapped the vital energies of the patient, and ended fatally on the twenty-eighth day. Not a passing zephyr of suspicion was excited. It now appears from a written statement left by Dr. Verneuil, that in the practise of his profession, he he had stumbled upon the fact that carbolic acid in its purest form, which is often given as a remedy in malarial diseases, produces, when administered in double doses, in bland and non-irritant solution, a simulated intermittent fever so exact in its resemblance to the true paroxysm as to deceive the most practiced eyes, its action being that of a potent narcotic poison, silent in its ravages and surely fatal in its results. Almost odorless when freed from impurities, imparting neither taste nor taint to a cup of tea or coffee, and sufficiently soluble in hot water, the doctor had no difficulty whatever in administering the daily quantity required; and but for the confession he left behind for the benefit and guidance of members of the profession, he benevolently stated, the memory of his evil deed would have perished with its perpetrator.

Dr. Verneuil assigns no motive for the murder in this brief but remarkable document, but adds that no specific antidote for the poison has yet been discovered; no test of its presence in the system; and that no conviction could be secured therefore, in a case of carbolic acid poisoning. In this, as American practitioners could have informed him, the accomplished criminal was mistaken. Ammonia is a specific antidote for the narcotic operation of the drug, and a specific test of its presence in minute quantities by imparting a faint blue tinge.

African Ants.

The bashikonai ants must be a terrible plague. They travel, we are told, night and day, in armies miles long. The elephant and gorilla fly before them; the black man runs for his life so soon as the ants are seen. It is related by a traveler that as he was going up one of the mouths of the Zambesi, he saw a whole village suddenly deserted by the inhabitants, who fled with all they could carry off, a proceeding which, as there was no foe in sight, rather puzzled him, till he found they were fleeing from the ants. When these ants enter a hut, they clear it of every living thing in a few minutes. Huge cockroaches, centipedes, mice and rats are instantly devoured. A strong rat is killed in less than a minute, and in another minute its bones are picked. A leopard, dog, or deer is soon despatched and devoured, for they kill by their numbers. They are quite half an inch long, and one variety is so strong that it will bite pieces clean out of the flesh. They possess, however, one meritorious quality—they mortally hate, and whenever they can, put to death the mischievous white ants which make such destruction in houses. In addition to these and the sand-ants, which bite like scorpions, leaving a distressing pain behind them, there are several varieties of flies which sting horribly, such as the igogonai—small gnats—whose bites go through the tough hide of the negroes, causing a terrible itch; the ibolai—flies or gnats—which sting as though with a needle, and whistle as they dash at you; the richouma, which fill themselves with your blood before you know they are there, and then leave an itching that lasts for hours, varied at intervals by certain sharp stabs of pain; the sloway, or nest-building flies, not quite so big as a bee, which cling to a man in the water, and assail the natives with such ferocity that if a canoe by chance touch one of their nests the men instantly dive overboard.

SHORT: "Adolphus, let us leave the avenue and stroll along the margin of the river." "Not any, Evangeline; no more margins for me." (Adolphus had been speculating in futures that week.)

Benares.

Foremost among the Hindoo temples in Benares, India, is what is known among Europeans as the Golden Temple, where Bishesharnath or Siva, the presiding deity of Benares is worshipped. The building itself proved to be an inferior one, crowned with a gilded roof that seems out of place among its mean surroundings. It was the original intention of Runjit Sinjh, a wealthy native, to have covered this roof with pure gold, but by some inexplicable combination of circumstances gold leaf was finally used instead. The proceeds from this temple, which are very great, go to the two widows of a native worthy who went by the name of Funda. There is a reservoir in the building which I should say measures three feet each way, and is about one and a half inches deep. Distinguished visitors are wont to fill this with coins. One man (the Runjit Singh referred to) once filled this with gold mohurs. Scores have filled it with silver rupees, and hundreds with pice. Not being distinguished I did not fill it.

As this Siva is represented to be the king of the deities here, his worship is attended with all sorts of ceremonious formalism. As you enter one man guards the door, one puts a fan into your hands to enable you to fan away the evil spirits, the third rings a bell as a sort of a charm, and a fourth holds a looking-glass patiently before the idol.

It is hard to conceive that any people can be so fathomlessly stupid in their idolatry as these Hindoos. Among the things I saw was a woman piously stuffing the mouth of a stone idol with rice, just as a solicitous mother in America will dose her worrying infant with paregoric. Another stood by with a toothpick to hand to his holiness when he had finished his repast. They fan these idols, put them to bed, and even provide them with special diet in case of fancied illness!

Who shall adequately describe the scenes about the golden temple? It is located in the narrowest and most crowded part of the city, and is thronged all day long with deluded devotees. What with these people, the peddlers, the beggars, the sacred cow—which no one would dare molest for fear of calling down the wrath of the natives it is indeed hard to make progress in the locality. The principal form of worship consists in throwing yellow flowers upon the numerous shrines which are then washed off with a stream of Ganges water by an attendant Brahmin.

This gives rise to an exceedingly filthy condition of the pavement under foot, and to powerfully obnoxious odors but whatever the inconvenience or danger to public health, no one would dare attempt to regulate these matters. The British government is so conservative in matters affecting native religions that it will even tolerate nuisances and disease-breeding holes. It required considerable care on my part to prevent myself from slipping in the slime.

At one place a priest was pouring Ganges water upon the outstretched hands of applicants who had deposited money for this favor. Everybody seemed in a hurry, as it takes a good while to make the rounds of the different shrines, and each worshipper is anxious not to omit any one lest the offended deity visit some awful punishment upon him for the slight. The streets were from four to eight feet wide, and fairly lined with gods. Handsome peacocks were walking daintily along on the shivala roofs. There were innumerable bells which would be struck carelessly by the passing worshippers, so that there was a continual clangor. Not that this feature was needed for the creation of noise, since the people were either yeling or mumbling. A true Hindoo either talks or else plays on the tom-tom all the time he is not asleep.

An Ancient Rose Bush

A standard rose, said to have been planted by Charlemagne, is one of the great curiosities of the ancient city of Hildesheim, in Hanover. This rose bush is gnarled and rugged, as becomes its extreme age, and in some places the principal stem is about as thick as a man's body. It grows at the eastern side of the apse of the cathedral, and this year the venerable and venerated object has put forth several new and thrifty shoots. Fears have been entertained for a long time past that, after its life of 1,000 years, the plant was losing its vitality. But now it is apparently taking a new lease of life, and there is much rejoicing in Hildesheim at the fact. The person who takes charge of the ancient rose bush is instructed never to give away a cutting, and its flowers, which are pronounced the very sweetest of their kind, are also jealously guarded from vandal hands.

Old Furniture.

At the recent sale of Baron d'Ivry's collection of furniture in Paris a suite of Louis XVI. furniture (fifteen pieces) covered with Gobelins, fetched $17,200, a tapestry screen went for $2800, a writing-table of satin-wood, profusely ornamented in the Louis XV. style, brought $7500; a pair of bronze candelabra, $12,700; a pair of carved ebony cabinets, $9400. The sale amounted to about $210,000.

HER SECRET TROUBLES.

The Unknown Trials Which a Woman Endured Without Complaint--- Why They Vanished.

Near the close of one of the most trying of the few hot days of the present year a pale, care worn woman might have been seen at the window of her dwelling apparently in a condition of complete exhaustion. Her efforts to meet the accumulated duties of her household had been great but unsuccessful, while the care of a sick child, whose wails could even then be heard, was added to her otherwise overwhelming troubles. Nature had done much for her and in her youthful days she had been not only beautiful but the possessor of health such as is seldom seen. But home and family duties and the depressing cares which too often accompany them had proven greater than her splendid strength and she felt at that moment not only that life was a burden but that death would be a grand relief. This is no unusual experience. It is, in fact, a most common every-day occurrence, and a great prayer is constantly ascending from thousands of homes for deliverance from the deadly power which is enslaving so many wives, mothers and daughters. And yet these duties of life must be met. No woman can afford to turn aside from the proper care of her home and the ones who are committed to her care, although in doing these duties she may sacrifice her health, and possibly life itself. The experience of one who successfully overcame such trials and yet retained health and all the blessings it brings is thus told by Rev. William Watson, Presiding Elder of the Methodist-Episcopal church, residing at Watertown, N. Y. He said;

"My wife became completely run down through overwork and care of a sick member of our household, and I entertained serious apprehensions as to her future. She was languid, pale, utterly exhausted, without appetite, and in a complete state of physical decline. And yet she did not, *could* not neglect her duties. I have seen her about the house, trying courageously to care for the ones she loved when I could tell, from the lines upon her face how much she was suffering. At times she would rally for a day or two and then fall back into the state of nervous exhaustion she felt before. Her head pained her frequently, her body was becoming bowed by pain and all hope or enjoyment in life seemed departed. What to do we could not tell. I resolved, however, to bring back her life and vitality if possible and to this end began to treat her myself. To my great relief her system has been toned up, her strength restored, her health completely recovered and wholly by the use of Warner's Tippecanoe, which I regard as the greatest tonic, invigorator and stomach remedy that has ever been discovered. I was led to use it the more readily as I had tested the health-restoring properties of Warner's Safe Cure in my own person and I therefore knew that any remedy Mr. Warner might produce would be a valuable one. I have since recommended both Warner's Tippecanoe and Warner's Safe Cure to many of my friends and I know several Doctors of Divinity as well as numerous laymen who are using both with great benefit."

If all the overworked and duty driven women of America could know of the experience above described, and act upon the same, there can be little doubt that much of the pain, and most of the depressing influences of life might be avoided. Such truths are too valuable to remain unknown.

THE year '16: "And this is June, leafy June," said Mr. Smiley, as he drew on his overcoat for a morning stroll. "Never saw nothing like it since 1816, the cold summer, when there was a frost every month in the year." "Dear me, Ichabod, do let 1816 alone. I've heard more about that year, and land sakes you wasn't but four years old. What do you really remember about it?" "I was a great deal brighter at four years old—" "Than you are now," said Hannah, testily, and the old man, casting a mournful look of appreciation upon her, moved off, trying to whistle "Bonaparte's March Over the Alps" with the vigor of youth but he couldn't do it.

A NEW view: "Well, well, what makes you so glum this morning? What's happened?" was the sympathetic greeting which met a citizen the other morning. "Everything has gone to pieces. I've lost $15,000 in the last three months.' 'Goodness! How I envy you." "Envy me?" was the astonishing inquiry. "Why certainly. You must have had it to lose." This put a retrospective view of the case in a new light and they went down the walk puffing their cigars slowly.

CRUSHED: Colonel Old Style. "This is indeed a pleasure. I never see your ladyship but I feel that I am ten years younger." Lady New Style (who hasn't been to the lyceum for nothing. "Indeed, colonel, then you should avoid me. A meeting or two more and you'll be in your second childhood!"

HE paused: "Pause," said the highly-cultivated Boston girl to her lover, who was about to kill a mosquito. "Pause: In the balanced and admirably-adapted economy of nature man cannot interfere without disarranging the whole order of things." And he paused.

EXAMINER—Well, sir, we will now suppose that you have been called in to attend a patient who has taken a powerful dose of arsenic. What would you advise giving him? M. D. (in embryo)—The last sacraments, sir.

THE peculiar costume of the dwellers in Arizona is thus described by a "tender-foot;" "In ordinary weather he wears a belt with pistols in it. When it grows chilly he puts on another belt with pistols in it, and when it becomes really cold he throws a Winchester rifle over his shoulders."

SHORT: "Adolphus, let us leave the avenue and stroll along the margin of the river." "Not any, Evangeline; no more margins for me." (Adolphus had been speculating in futures that week.)

AGRICULTURE.

PLANT A FEW FRUIT TREES.—It is not yet too late to order and plant a few fruit trees or vines. They may be procured of the nearest nurseryman, and planted promptly after being brought home. A few quince and pear trees, a few apple trees, a few grape vines, if only a few, will be a help, and in a short time will produce fruit after their kind. There are many who like the early acid fruits as the strawberry, currant, gooseberry, &c., and a few of each of these should be planted, if only enough for house use. Every garden or village lot should have a supply of fruits in variety. They are more wholesome as food than much that is eaten by villagers and townspeople, or even farmers themselves. It will not cost much to set out a small number of trees, vines and plants, and will contribute largely to the health of the family in the cultivation and caring for them as well as in eating the fruit when it is in season. Fruit should largely take the place of more solid food, especially meats, during the warm season. The only way for everybody to get a supply is for them to raise their own. It can easily be done, and that a beginning may be made or additions to that already started attend to it *now, this week, immediately.*

CLOVER FERTILIZER.—Two or even three crops of small grain can be raised in succession to advantage on any piece of land, provided clover is sown with every crop of small grain. Then a crop of clover is turned under for every crop of small grain except the first, and upon this hypothesis when a farmer wants to enrich his land or any one or more pieces, let him seed the land with small grain for two or three years in succession, always sowing clover in the spring and ploughing in the fall, and then if he chooses to put the land in corn he can do so for one, or even two seasons, and then put it back in small grain and clover. After a field has had clover sown in it for say six or eight seasons, it will seed itself, and after every crop of small grain a crop of clover will spring up from the seed in the ground exposed to the action of the elements by ploughing for the crop of small grain. Another fact well known is that a crop of wheat grown on fallow ground is greater and the grain larger than that grown on corn ground.

PETROLEUM AND WOOD.—Wood of white pine exposed fully to the weather, and treated with a wash of petroleum over sixteen years ago, says a farmer writer, remains hard and sound with about a sixth of an inch of the outside, or so far in as the oil penetrated, brown and compact, while further in the pine has the usual white appearance. The oil with its solid ingredients in solution, entered and filled the pores of the wood, and changed it both in texture and appearance to cedar. He used it first on the roof of a dwelling on the shingles of several barns; and after a lapse of sixteen years they appear to be as sound as when first laid. Where the roofs are much shaded, no moss has formed on them. One of the barns had a steep roof, from which the oil caused the snow, as soon as it accumulated in any quantity, to slide freely, and this freedom from heavy loads of snow continued for several years.

WE once experimented, by hauling twenty four large loads of the best manure upon two acres of clay foam land. Upon two acres more no manure was used, but it was well worked. One and a half bushels of corn were drilled per acre upon each piece, drills being sixteen inches apart. When the corn was ready to cut the unmanured two acres stood eighteen inches higher than the manured piece. The manured piece gave twenty-two tons per acre, and the other twenty-eight tons. The excellence of the unmanured piece was due to the fact that it was cultivated till the soil was as fine as a garden bed four inches deep, and the cost of the extra labor was only $2.50 per acre. It is, therefore, apparent, that the first consideration in furnishing food for plants is thorough cultivation.

PICKLE FOR SEED WHEAT AND CORN.—Make a brine about hot enough to bear the hand in it, and strong enough to hold up an egg on the surface. Steep the wheat or corn in this ten to fifteen minutes, stir it up well, and skim off all the foul stuff that rises on top of the brine. Then take out the grain and spread it on boards out-doors, or on the barn floor, and dry the seed by sprinkling slacked lime, plaster-of-paris, or ashes over it, sufficient to give it a white coating. This prevents the kernel from sticking together when sowed. Plant or sow the next day or two if possible, because, if suffered too dry to hard, the grain might not germinate after being swollen in the brine. The brine kills the smut, and, aside from assisting to dry the seed, the lime, etc., sprinkled on it act as a slight fertilizer.

MR. M. E. HINKLEY, a practical horticulturist, writing about strawberries says that there are no settled rules which may be given the beginner that will hold good in all localities, but that there are certain general rules which should always be borne in mind, to wit—thorough culture, a moist situation, careful watching and a love for the business. Mr. Hinkley further theorizes in this way. The inmate longing for strawberries is either a human weakness or redeeming instinct, it is the triumph of gluttony, or a lingering memory of Eden. The longing is so universal that I prefer to regard it in the best light. It is the trace of the angelic in man's nature—a hint of his former innocence and noble tastes.

Too much blood cannot pass through the udder of a milch cow, and consequently she should have abundant exercise. The common practice of keeping the cow quiet in the stable lessens the cost of keep in some respects, and no doubt promotes the production of milk, but in order that the cow may be healthy and the milk of the best quality she should have some exercise, even if but an occasional privilege of the barnyard.

ONE great advantage of an early vegetable garden is that two crops may be grown in one season. If an abundance of manure be used the drain upon the soil should not be great.

DOMESTIC.

DRIED CORN ought to be made palatable, and be frequently seen on the dinner table, but many people who like corn dislike this stuff because it is not cooked properly; it should always be put to soak in lukewarm water the afternoon of the day before it is to be eaten. Do not throw away the water in which it is soaked, or then you lose much of the best there is in the corn. Then early, at least two hours before dinner, put it in a saucepan over the fire, and let it cook slowly but steadily until it is tender. A little cream added to the milk, butter, pepper, and salt are desirable, and a teaspoonful of sugar will sometimes do wonders in giving flavor to the dish.

A Lucky Kangaroo Hunter,

One of the most daring Kangaroo hunters of Australia, and his stag hounds, were terribly lacerated by a wounded Kangaroo, on the great sheep ranche of Mr. Alfred Hay, Boomanoomana, N. S. W., and were entirely cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Hay writes that it is the greatest pain-cure ever introduced for man or beast.

AN orange basket, or a plate of orange baskets, makes a handsome decoration for the table, particularly for a birthday party or a holiday meal. Take the fruit from the peel through as small an incision as it is possible to make and yet to draw the fruit through it; then cut the skin of the orange in the shape of a little basket, with a handle. This may be filled with candy, with ice cream, whipped cream, jelly or with anything you choose. The fruit is not to be wasted by any means; it may be used for an orange pie, for marmalade or for ambrosia—that is, cut in small pieces and put in a dish with a layer of cocoanut and powdered sugar between each layer of orange. This is very deliaate for dessert with ice cream and cake.

In one week Ely's Cream opened a passage in one nostril through which I had not breathed in three years, subdued an inflammation in my head and throat, the result of Catarrh.—Colonel O. M. NEILLIAY, Owego, N. Y. [See adv.]

To make an appetizing beef stew, take out the bone and bind the pieces of beef tightly, putting a lemon, pared and cut in two, and some herbs in before binding. Place it in as small a stew-pan or kettle as will allow of its being covered with water. Let it cook slowly and gently; do not add any water unless absolutely necessary. Slice a large onion and fry it brown, and add to the water also any sliced vegetables you choose; or cook the vegetables in a kettle by themselves and serve on the platter with the beef. If you do not add any water you will have very rich gravy, and a portion of it may be reserved for soup stock.

"We know that Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator will cure Heart Disease. 30 years' use and many persons of prominence testifying prove it.—Readville *Press.*" $1. per bottle at druggists.

BY taking the upper eyelashes between the thumb and finger, and drawing the lid completely over the under lashes, and gently moving it backward and forward, any specks in the eye fasten on to the lower fringe and remain there after having let go the upper. This is a sure plan, and can be adopted anywhere; but it requires some perseverance to acquire it, and should not be given up if the first attempts are unsuccessful. Any disagreeable feeling about it is not half so painful or dangerous as is occasioned by the smallest speck.

Wise Saws.

Dryden says: "None but the brave deserve the fair;" "Men are but children of a larger growth," and "Through thick and thin;" When Greeks join Greeks then was the tug of war."—Nathaniel Lee 1692. Carboline, the only petroleum hair renewer, known the world over in 1883.

A NEW VARIETY OF CAKE.—Bake in a large tin one cake, which when risen and baked, shall be not more than two inches deep. Take from the tin carefully, and frost thickly over the top with boiled frosting in which, directly after taking it from the stove, have stirred English walnut meats. Chop the meat not so fine, however, that they may not be readily distinguished. Cut in pieces about two inches wide and four long. For the cake itself use any good white cake receipt. Flavor with lemon or vanilla,

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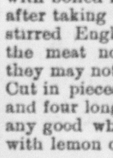
WHEN small beets are boiled and cut in slices and served in saucers at dinner, a great addition may be made by slicing some boiled carrots with them. Do not cook the carrots and beets together, but in separate kettles. Served together each gains and neither loses. This is a novel way of serving them.

A WHITE FRICASSEE.—Put the chicken into a stewpan with a very little water; add mace, pepper and salt. Beat up the yolk of an egg with a gill of sweet cream, and stir into the chicken when nearly done. Serve hot. Garnish with lemon.

TO DESTROY MOTHS OR CARPET BUGS.—Sprinkle plenty of powdered borax under the carpet before it is tacked down, then sprinkle plenty all around the edges of the carpet after it is down, and blow or shove it under the surface.

"WOMEN," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad indeed," replied Brown; "they take so much time in their dressing."

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar.



FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic; IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at 50c. and $1—largest, cheapest. *Look out for imitations.*

Hale's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. *German Corn Remover Kills Corns and Bunions etc.*

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

SOME people get so soon familiar: Snookzon. "Hello, Monty, how are you?" Lord Montague Brabazon. "Pretty well, thanks, and how are you?—and—a—what is your name?"

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

VICTOR HUGO says his intellect 'grows stronger with age, and does not rest," and the same thing might be said of old cheese.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Try "Wells' Health Renewer."

LIFE'S pleasures: "Am I hurting you badly?" asked a Boston dentist of a lady whose teeth he was fixing and who was emitting horrible groans. "Oh, not in the least, but I love to groan," was the reply.

Remarkable Escape.

John Kuhn, of Lafayette, Ind., had a very narrow escape from death. This is his own story: "One year ago I was in the last stages of consumption. Our best physicians gave my case up. I finally got so low that our doctor said I could not live twenty-four hours. My friends then purchased a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, which benefited me. I continued until I am now in perfect health, having used no other medicine."

THEY call the wicket-keeper of the Oxford team "the ancient Mariner," beecause he stoppeth one of three."

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

There is no power of genius that can do the work of toil.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS, 83 Mercer Street, New York

VARICOCELE

or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. *Often the unsuspected cause of* Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., *quickly and painlessly cured by the* Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. *Glove-fitting.* Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 105 Fulton St., New York.

HOP PLASTER

This porous plaster is famous for its quick and hearty action in curing Lame Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Crick in the Back, Side or Hip, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints and Muscles, Sore Chest, Kidney Troubles and all pains or aches either local or deep-seated. It Soothes, Strengthens and Stimulates the parts. The virtues of hops combined with gums—clean and ready to apply. Superior to Ointments, lotions and salves. Price 25 cents or 5 for $1.00. Sold by druggists and country stores. Mailed on receipt of price. *Hop Plaster Company,* Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

A GREAT SUCCESS

☞ The best family pill made—Hawley's Stomach and Liver Pills. 25c. Pleasant in action and easy to take.

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

The Great Remedy, cures Boils, Pimples, Sore Eyes, Scrofula, Malaria, and all Blood Diseases.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, PITTSBURG PA.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S.. VEGETABLE COMPOUND

IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of Inquiry confidentially answered. *For sale at druggists.*

AGENTS WANTED to sell Thirty-Three Years among OUR WILD INDIANS by Gens. DODGE and SHERMAN. 70,000 sold. Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. Send for *Extra Terms,* Specimen Plate, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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The great collection of the most thrilling personal adventures, exploits of scouts and spies, forlorn hopes, heroic bravery, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, romantic incidents, hand-to-hand struggles, perilous journeys, daring raids and bold deeds ON BOTH SIDES during the Great Civil War. Not book size. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED. Outsells all. Address SCAMMEL & Co., 328 Arch St., Philadelphia, or St. Louis.

DR. LUTZE'S SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN, $2, by mail. BOWEN, LUTZE & CO., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa. ☞ Dr. Lutze treats female diseases only. Advice free at office or by letter.

Phœnix Pectoral will cure your cough. Price 25 cts

Important Reduction in the price of

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One Ounce bottles reduced from 15c. to 10c.
Two Ounce bottles reduced from 25c. to 15c.
Five Ounce bottles reduced form 50c. to 25c.

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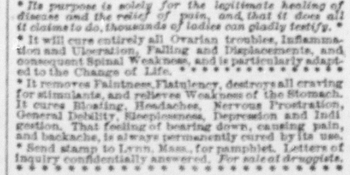
Camphor Milk is the best Liniment. Price 25 cents



Both sides starch polished, thereby doubling their use and value. Adjusts perfectly. No rough edges to annoy. Worn and preferred by MILLIONS of all classes. DO YOU WEAR THEM? If not, why not? Dealers sell 10 for 25c. We postpay TRIAL COLLAR FREE, 12 to 18 in., or pair of Cuffs, 9 to 12 in., for 5 cents. Mention this paper.

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26 374

HUMOROUS.

POLITICAL: "Julia" wants to know "what a party platform is." Well a platform, Julia, is one preamble and twenty resolutions, strong in non-essentials, vague in essentials; round the bush on tariff and rough as thunder on the Mormons; clamorous for civil service reform, with a reserved definition of civil service reform; down on corruption, loud in its praise of purity and determined to have it if it takes every cent the party can raise. The platform, you undestand Julia, is a legitimate and necessary part of the campaign pomp and circumstance; it goes along with the banners, transparencies and torches, and when the campaign is over—well, it is stored away in the cellar or garret, along with the rest of the uniforms and torches. A campaign platform is very much like the campaign torch, indeed; it gives out a great deal of smell and smoke with a very uncertain, flickering light.

SOMEWHAT puzzled: Last winter a great religious revival was held in a certain Ohio neighborhood, and several good men brought all their influence to bear on a certain farmer named Harris. After many efforts he was brought to the anxious seat, and then they had the happiness of hearing him announce that he felt himself saved. In the course of three or four days the minister met him and asked: "Well, brother Harris, how do you feel?" "Oh, kinder plaguey mean," was the reply. "You do! What is the trouble?" "Well, I hadn't found the Lord over 20 minutes before I run across a fruit tree agent who beat me out of $15 last year. There I was, ready to fly into the gates of Heaven, and there he was, chuckling to think of how he worked off a lot of crab-apple trees on me for a new kind of pear! I couldn't even break his neck, and the old woman she got in and said I was allus gittin' in a box, and the hull thing has sorter stirred me up till I can't say whether I'd rather lick a lightning-rod man or be an angel."

VERY narrow escape: A youth of Hibernian extraction in chopping wood with a hatchet the other day was so unfortunate as to graze the thumb of his left hand with which he was steadying the piece of kindling he was splitting. Ruefully gazing at the injured member he remarked: "Be gorra, it was a good thing I did not have hold ot the handle with both hands, or I'd have cut it off sure."

"No one has a right to find fault with another unless he credits him with his good qualities, otherwise it would be keeping books of debt without credit," said Deacon Solum to Dan Pelter, both residents of a lively little town in Main.

"Wall, then, Deacon," answerd Dan, "I'll give ye credit fur bein' a good smoker, and I'll then have er right ter charge ye with borrerin' too much terbarker off from me."

A DETROIT dentist has just extracted the aching tooth of a black-and-tan terrier, and cut off the troublesome teeth of a pet squirrel. Nobody has yet brought him any old hens.

The Daily Scourge of Thousands

Of our fellow countrymen and women, dyspepsia, may be permanently stared by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, with certainty and rapidity, initiates a reform in the action of a weak or disordered stomach. It promotes secretion of gastric juice, which in the chemistry of the stomach acts the part of a solvent; removes those twin obstacles to tranquility in the digestive region, biliousness and constipation, and remedies heartburn, flatulence, sour or bitter eructations, distension of the abdomen and other symptoms of which sufferers from indigestion are subject. Dyspepsia begets sleeplessness, causes vertigo and produces chronic irritability. These sympathetic evidences of its existence disappear through the influence of this inimitable medicine. Debilitating maladies which entail loss of strength and flesh are counteracted by it, and it is the finest known specific for fever and ague and malarial ailments in general. Kidney troubles, uterine debility and rheumatism are relieved by it.

DID he steal the dog? "Yes, Judge," said the prisoner. "I admit that the back of my trousers were tangled in the dogs teeth and that I dragged the animal away, but if you call that stealing a dog no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

No disease can show such quick results as Heart Disease; do not delay, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is a specific. $1 per bottle at druggists.

THINGS one would wish to have expressed differently: Musical maiden—"I hope I am not boring you, playing so much?" Enamored youth—"Oh, no! Pray go on! I—I'd so much sooner hear you play than talk!"

For ten or twelve years I have been severely afflicted with Catarrh. Never before found such decided relief as from Ely's Cream Balm. I consider myself cured.—J. W. Buffington, Mechanicsville, N. Y. [Price 50 cents.]

Buyers want a hundred eyes, sellers none.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated-Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic, and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Disinterestedness is the very soul of virtue.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, face-ache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15&25c.

The sense of death is most in apprehension.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

Straightforward integrity is best to baffle duplicity.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Any truth, faithfully faced, is strength in itself.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, chilblains.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Vital Questions!!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly "*Some form of Hops!!!*

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu!!!*"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of Rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail!

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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BLAINE AGENTS WANTED! Complete, Reliable Illustrated Life of the PEOPLE'S CHOICE. Get the BEST. Special terms to agents ordering from a distance. Outfit free to actual canvassers. Write for circulars. I also have ready prospectus of the forthcoming humorous book "MY WIFE'S FOOL OF A HUSBAND." 175 Illustrations by Williams. The HIT OF THE YEAR! **LOGAN** W. H. THOMPSON, Pub., 404 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP! An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. '83

FITS STOPPED FREE *Marvelous success.* Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER *for all* BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY **GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!** Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer.

WALNUT LEAF TRADE MARK HAIR RESTORER

It is entirely different from all others, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. Smith, Kline & Co., Wholesale Ag'ts, Phila., Pa., and C. N. Crittenton, N. Y.

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the HAUT TON (a patient:)—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, 8-de Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y.

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City, at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealer. ☞ Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 50cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

$40 PAYS for a Life Scholarship in the Coleman Business College, Newark, New Jersey. Positions for graduates. National patronage. Write for Circulars to H. COLEMAN & CO.

G. R. INSTITUTE, Austinburg, O. 21 yr's of great success. Academic, Normal, Music, Com'l and Telegraphy. Board and Tuition, $35 for 3 months.

WANTED—Lady Manager in every town. Full particulars by addressing S. C. Chase, 28 Winter St., Boston

LEARN TELEGRAPHY, or SHORT-HAND & TYPE WRITING HERE. Situations furnished. Address Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

LADY AGENTS can secure permanent employment and good salary selling Queen City Skirt and Stocking Supporters etc. Sample outfit free. Address Queen City Suspender Co., Cincinnati, O.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., July 16, '84.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 10 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Special Bargains

TO SHOW YOU. MAKE AN AFTER HARVEST PLEASURE TRIP TO

"THE FAIR"

or

'SUPPLY DEPOT."

——IT WILL DO YOU GOOD.——

G. R. SPIGELMYER,

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

☞ *SPECIAL.* ☜

We have secured from the manufacturers and importers some wonderful bargains in Jerseys that you will do well to avail yourselves of at an early date before the lines are broken.

1 *lot of Imported Jerseys in Blues, Blacks, Cardinal and Brown at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 50.

1 *lot of Cardinal at* $3 50, *regular price* 4 50.

1 *lot Blues at* $3 50 *regular price* 4 50.

1 *lot Black Braided, Pleated back, with Bow, Collar and French front at* $3 75, *regular price* 5 00.

1 *lot of Black, Pleated back, and with Bow at* $2 75, *regular price* 4 00.

1 *lot of Black at* $1 25.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte, June,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Reporter for the campaign 10c per m'th

——Headquarters for clothing, boots and shoes, etc.—J. D. Long's.

——Dr. Bush, a well-known physician of Buffalo Run, died on 30 ult.

——The Grand Army encampment begins at Bellefonte, on August 16.

——Ex-Judge Diven, of Hublersburg, was stricken with paralysis last week.

——John Hubler, of Miles, has already hauled in his crops. He is the first.

—— Mrs. Adam Moore, of Millheim, was buried on Sunday, aged near 84 years.

—— The railroad has now got near enough to Linden Hall to frighten Dan Hess' horse.

—— Geo. Harpster, of Manor Hill, died on 17th ult. of lock jaw, caused by a cut on the instep.

——The dedication of the new Lutheran church at Snydertown will take place on Sunday, 27 inst.

——The Lewisburg nail works will be completed and in operation by the middle of September.

Bellefonte has increased the salary of its public school superintendent from $800 to $1,000 per annum.

——The thirteenth annual session of Pine campmeeting will commence August 13 and continue 10 days.

——Jacob McCool has found some heavy chunks of iron ore on one of his tracts of mountain land.

——Steel rails are used on the Pennsvalley road and all work is being done as for a first-class road.

☞——The announcement of John A. Woodward, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Assembly, is published in this issue.

Valentines Store Co., Lim., is presenting every purchaser of a dress with a universal paper pattern—51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade. 2j4t

——Messrs. Munson and Griffin, candidates respectively for asse. judge and treasurer, called upon the "Reporter." They are among the good men for these positions.

——On Saturday last a loaded wagon of John Geistweit, in Haines twp., ran over a six year old daughter of Charles Hosterman, dec'd, crushing her leg above the knees.

——Rev. Fischer will Preach in the Union church at Farmers Mills, on Sabbath, 20 inst., at 10 a. m., and in the George's Valley Luth. church on same day at 2 p. m.

——Mr. P. O. Stiver, of Rock City, Ill., gave the "Reporter" a call. Mr. Stiver is a native of Potter township, and has come back to spend a few months under the parental roof.

——J. L. Spangler and C. P. Hewes, is a new law firm out of old and well-known material, as will be seen by their card. It combines ability with promptness. Success to them.

——The excellent little farm belonging to the heirs of Thos. J. Stiver, deceased, one mile west of Potters Mills, will be offered for sale on the 26th inst. See advertisement in another column.

——Mr. Joseph Crotzer, farmer, west of Centre Hall, the other day cut five acres of grass in five hours and twenty minutes. If any other farmer can beat Mr. Crotzer's record on this, then let him crow.

——An excursion to Watkins Glen and Niagara Falls will be run via Pennsylvania Railroad, August 19. Persons who accompanied the excursion last season will be pleased to hear of another opportunity to make this delightful trip.

— S. A. Stover's Marble Works still plant the most elegant monuments and tombstones in Centre county cemeteries. Mr. Stover employs the most skillful workmen in the state, and his work is admired by all. His prices are very moderate, and parties will do well to see him before placing orders elsewhere.

——On Tuesday when David Runkle, of this place, had occasion to make use of a set of double driving harness which he kept in his stable, found that some body had used his knife on them, cutting them so bad that the gentleman could make no use of them.

——Suits for the presidential campaign to be had at the Philad. Branch, headquarters for cheap clothing for men and boys, and where you find the largest and best variety in the county. Never purchase clothing before having examined prices and goods at the famous Philad. Branch.

——Our farmers are about through harvesting. John Arney we believe put up the first shock of grain. The grain crop is very good. Harvesting in Pennsvalley is now mostly done by selfbinders.

——The Chicago convention has done its work and the campaign is now fairly opened. The next thing people will turn their attention to is the Philad. Branch, which sells the cheapest clothing, and will continue to offer suits at from five to fifteen dollars less during the entire campaign than any other clothing house in the land.

——Miss Adda, daughter of John Sankey, living a short distance above Centre Hall, on Wednesday last, unfortunately fell from a cherry tree, causing a dislocation of a shoulder, and a serious injury, probably a fracture, of the hip.

——If A. C. Mingle, in the Brockerhoff house block, can't sell you the best boot or shoe for the least money in the county, then there is no use of talking—and with everybody it is the talk that he does, and what everybody says must be true.

——The hayloader sold by Mr. Burkholder was tested by Hiram Durst, and worked admirably. He tells us that with three hands a large four-horse wagon was loaded in 15 minutes. Mr. D. Pretzman and several others were witnesses to this work of the loader.

——In our custom-made department we continue to turn out the finest goods that can be made, and our reputation in this as well as in other states, and in fact all over the country, is a sure guarantee of the superiority of our goods. Extending a hearty invitation to everybody to give us a call, we assure them we can meet all their wants—Jno. Powers & Son.

——Rev. P. A. Heilman, having been appointed by the Board of Home Missions of the Lutheran church to take charge of the English Lutheran Mission at Denver, Col., has accepted their appointment and resigned his pastorate at Lock Haven, to take effect October 1, notwithstanding, his people have protested against his going.

——Mingle's shoe store, at Bellefonte, now has the lead so completely for the best goods and largest variety that competitors have yielded so far as Mingle is concerned. He is ahead for low prices, ahead for assortment, ahead for styles, ahead for genuine goods and at the foot of nearly every man and woman in the county.

——J. P. Condo, a native of Miles twp., whose father later owned Pine Creek Mills, near Aaronsburg, is the Republican candidate for representative of 33d Illinois district in the senate. One county, Shelby, has bolted the nomination because it could not rule the conference.

——Lewins could not go to the Chicago convention because the run at the Philad. Branch kept him busy as a bee. He puts out as much ready-made clothing as all other stores in the county, and gives the best bargains by far, as any of his numerous customers will inform you—all say they save money by purchasing at the Philad. Branch. Try it, reader.

——On last Saturday a distressing accident befel Wm. Runkle, a son of Jas. Runkle, near Tussyville. The young man was on a Buckeye reaper the seat of which gave way and Mr. Runkle was thrown on the platform of the machine; his leg was caught by the knives and one of his feet almost severed at the ankle. Mr. Runkle, the father, fortunately was present to give his son aid, and bandaged the leg, which, no doubt, saved the young man from bleeding to death. Dr. Alexander was called and is using all his skill to avoid amputation of the foot.

——Our immense stock of spring and summer goods is rapidly disappearing in order to make room for fall and winter goods. We have everything needed in our line and can satisfy the wants of all. Our farmer friends would do well to examine our shoes just suitable for this season, and we are selling to suit the pocket book of all. In ladies', misses', youths' and children's shoes we stand without a rival. The four main particulars that makes our goods desirable is quality of material, neatness of finish, durability and extreme lowness of price. A visit to our store will repay you in more than one way—Jno. Powers & Son.

——Mr. T. H. Harter and lady, of the Middleburg *Post*, rusticated with the REPORTER folks and among other Centre county friends during the 4th of July vacation, taking in the romantic mountain sights, beautiful valley scenery, and our cave. Mr. H. is a sporting man and came equipped with his fishing tackle "to show the editor of the REPORTER how to catch trout." He went home with a big majority against him—and he ain't a mean angler either.

——Wolf's are selling off a job lot of shoes that will pay you to examine. Prices from 50 cents to $1 for shoes worth treble these prices.

——Our esteemed friend N. B. Meixell, of Lewisburg, Pa., traveling agent repesenting the Hoover & Gamble Manufacturing Co., of Miamisburg, Ohio, has run over a car-load of their superior Excelsior grain binders over the newly constructed railroad to this town this season. All the above machines are now running to entire satisfaction among the most extensive farmers of this county. Mr. Meixell is a young man of superior energy and has prospects of extensive trade in the future. This superior machine known as the Excelsior is for sale by our friend, Mr. Geo. Dale, of Lemont, and S. L. Strohecker, of Rebersburg, and farmers will doubtless consult their best interests by considering the merits of the Excelsior for another season.

——Go to Wolf's for cheap shoes. They are selling over one hundred pairs at less than half their cost.

——Track-laying on our railroad is completed to a point about 2½ miles distant beyond this place.

PERSONAL.—D. J. Meyer, of this place, has returned from a visit to Chicago.

Miss Birdie Sweetwood, of Chicago, is visiting friends in this neighborhood and will remain here a few months.

Miss Estella Bastian, of Williamsport, recruited a week in Centre Hall.

——Noticing the unusual fine display of boots and shoes made by the well-known firm of Powers & Son, the question was asked Edward Powers, the junior member of the firm, "whether the general depression in business had not effected their business?" "Oh, yes, to some extent, of course, but for years it has been our custom to keep in connection with our custom-made department, a line of goods that people must have; goods that we warrant, and that give satisfaction, consequently whether the market is dull or not, we are pretty sure of a regular line of customers. People who know our goods to be first-class, in every respect, and need them of course come to us."

——Dr. Chas. Gutelius, of Mifflinburg, gave the REPORTER a call one day last week. The Dr. was here in the interest of the Mifflinburg Sabbath schools, to engage grounds for a basket pic-nic. The schools will number about 800 individuals and arrive at Centre Hall some time in the latter part of this month, if satisfactory arrangements can be made with the railroad company for a special train. The ground fixed on here is Wolf's beautiful woods at the lower end of town, where there is an abundance of water, and which is convenient to the railroad. Our people would be happy to see the Sabbath schools aforesaid come here—a pleasant trip and a most beautiful ground certainly await them.

——Engineer P. J. White was here on Tuesday to locate the Centre Hall depot. The site thought most desirable and convenient is on the north side of the railroad and a short distance east of the pike.

AARONSBURG AND VICINITY.

A 14 year old son of H. T. Zerby, of Haines twp., had his elbow dislocated, last week, by slipping from a load of hay. A son of Geo. Decker, of Gregg, aged 7 years, fell from a fence dislocating his elbow. Franklin Rupp, a little son of G. M. Rupp, of Aaronsburg, fell from a scaffold about 19 feet high, injuring himself seriously; his nose was badly smashed and his head and face otherwise disfigured. Mrs. Mussind, of Lewisburg, widow of Henry Mussind, dec'd, formerly of Aaronsburg, fell down stairs in Millheim and broke her leg; she was visiting her brother, Mr. Winters, who is quite ill. Mr. Herald, of Millheim, while picking berries near Paddy mountain, noticed an unusual smell, and on looking around discovered the half buried remains of a human being; procuring assistance he disinterred the bones and took them to Millheim for burial. The "Ladies' Mite Society" of the Aaronsburg Reformed church, will hold an ice-cream festival on the afternoon and evening of 26th, for the benefit of the church. On August 2 Gen. B. Frank Fisher will deliver a lecture for the benefit of the same society; subject, "Life in Libby Prison; Another Escape Therefrom." S. Q. Mingle, of Williamsport, is visiting his mother, in Aaronsburg, who has been quite ill. Y. D. Thomas, of Aaronsburg, has been confined to his bed for the past week with chills and fever.

The Middleburg *Post* says the Lutheran & Reformed church which stood on the hill in Musser's valley was torn down about 3 weeks ago by the Reformed congregation who had bought the Lutherans' share in 1880. The time since the corner stone of the building was laid is 73 years, 1 month, 12 days.

PRESIDENT JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Hon. Adam Hoy, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for President Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that Judge Chester Munson, of Philipsburg, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Lingle, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Associate Judge, subject to Democratic usages.

ASSEMBLY.

We are authorized to announce that Henry Meyer, of Miles, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Leonard Rhone, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Hunter, of Benner township, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Fred'k Kurtz, of Potter, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John A. Woodward, of Howard, is a candidate for Assembly, subject to Democratic usages.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that John H. Barnhart, of Spring, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Christian Derr, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. H. Griffith, of Halfmoon, is a candidate for Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Charles Smith, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that J. J. Gramly, of Walker, (formerly of Miles,) is a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to Democratic usages.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. Harper is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that L. A. Shafer, of Bellefonte, (late of Walker,) is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Wm. B. Mingle, of Potter, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that R. G. Brett of Ferguson, is a candidate for Prothonotary, subject to Democratic usages.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that Frank E. Bible is a candidate for re-nomination for Recorder, subject to Democratic usages.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that James A. M'Clain is a candidate for re-nomination for Register, subject to Democratic usages.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that John Q. Miles, of Huston, (Martha, P. O.,) is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Coldron, of Gregg, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Joseph L. Neff, of Boggs, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Sam'l K. Foust, of Miles, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that George Hoffer, of Boalsburg, is a candidate for Sheriff subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that D. M. Neidigh, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that Miles Walker, of Ferguson township, is a candidate for Sheriff, subject to Democratic usages.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that John M. Furey, of Spring, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that John Wolf, of Miles, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. Greist, of Unionville, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic usages.

Items of Interest.

One of Boston's dog catchers has captured and killed 4,052 dogs in five years.

Fall River has a citizen ninety-five years of age who is not the oldest inhabitant.

A prisoner in Ludlow street jail, on a civil suit for $50,000, has not seen sun, moon or stars for three years.

A deed has been registered in Wyandotte, Kan., conveying a certain lot of land to William Henry Harrison Tyler Tippecanoe Coon.

A bill introduced by Congressman James proposes the admission free of duty of articles besides baggage not exceeding $100 in value.

Sir William Wilde, Oscar's father, had a very able natural son, who was his assistant in his professional duties as an oculist, and succeeded him in his business.

A New London whaler has killed the largest whale ever caught. It yielded 168 barrels of oil and 2,500 pounds of whalebone. It was killed in Cumberland Inlet.

Heather Island, Florida, containing 4,000 acres of rich land, has been purchased by a party of gentlemen who intend to convert it into a mammoth orange grove.

It is thought probable that the late Duke of Buccleuch has made a considerable division of his vast estates. One of $50,000 a year he has given to his second son absolutely.

It is said that people of this country consume patent medicine to the amount of $200,000,000 every year. That is four dollars worth to every man, woman and child in the land.

The first hats were made in Paris by a Swiss in 1404, and became fashionable after 1449, when Charles VII., making a triumphant entry into Rouen, wore a red velvet hat with a plume of feathers.

One of Lord Beaconsfield's peacocks died at the same time as its master, and its carcass was given to a hanger on about the place, who made a small fortune by selling feathers from the tail. It was marvellous how the poor peacock kept up the supply.

Many months ago the medical press was crowded with articles to show the action of a so-called new remedy in heart disease—extract of lily of the valley. But a bookworm in Rome finds that the remedy was highly esteemed in Germany for the same malady prior to the year 1821.

Life insurance companies make a discrimination against the negro on the theory that his life is shorter than that of the white man. Some experts believe this to be erroneous, and the Massachusetts Legislature passed a bill forbidding such distinction; but Gov. Robinson hesitates to append his signature.

A woman who kissed Patti, on the singer's departure for Europe, writes to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* that her lips were moderately full and quite soft; her breath was aromatic with the last glass of champagne which she had drunk from the parting bottle, and her momentary hug was graceful, though not at all demonstrative.

Charles F. Ritchel of Bridgeport, who tried to invent a flying machine, will get $100,000 to perfect the invention with from the estate of Maxwell, a millionaire brewer at Milwaukee, who left $500,000 for experiments in aerial navigation, one-fifth of it being specified as for Ritchel's machine. Ritchel will begin experiments on a large scale.

The finest rubies are found in Ava, Siam, and Peru; others are found in Ceylon, India, Australia, Borneo, and Sumatra. The Burmese mines have long been famous; the working of them has been a royal monopoly, and the King has among other titles that of Lord of the Rubies. The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state, and colored artificially.

Naturalists say that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the combination of a basket, a brush, and a pair of pincers. The brush, the hairs of which are arranged in symetrical rows, is only to be seen with a microscope. With this brush of fair delicacy the bee brushes its velvet robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while rifling the flowers and sucking up their nectar. Another article, hollowed like a spoon, receives all the gleanings which the insect carries to the hive. It is a pannier for provisions. Finally, by opening them, one upon another, by means of a hinge, these two pieces become a pair of pincers, which render important service in the construction of the comb.

Darwin writes that he created immense excitement once in a monkey cage in the London Zoo by bringing a stuffed snake there. Three species of cercopithecus were the most alarmed. They darted about their cages and uttered sharp cries of danger, which were understood by the other monkeys. He then placed it on the ground in one of the larger compartments. After a time all the monkeys collected round it in a large circle, and, staring intently, presented a most ludicrous appearance. They became extremely nervous, so that when a wooden ball with which they were familiar as a plaything was accidentally moved in the straw under which it was hidden they all instantly leaped away.

The Great Zingari Toothache Drops, for toothache and neuralgia, have no equal. Only costs 15 cents at any drug store. Warranted. 2j 2t

—A rich yellow sugar 4 pounds for 25 cents. Best granulated sugar, 8 cents per pound. A good sugar syrup at 40c per gallon. A light colored, heavy body, pure sugar syrup, at 50 cents. This is the best bargain in syrups ever offered in Bellefonte. Best New Orleans Syrup, 80 cents a gallon. 1 pound Baker's baking powder, 25 cents. This is as good powder as any in the market. Try a pound. Arbuckle's coffee, three pounds for 50 cts. Mild full cream cheese, 12c per pound. Canned tomatoes for 7c per can, corn 7c per can, peas 7c per can, beans 7 cts. per can. Just received, new crop maple sugar in bricks. Best brands of smoking and chewing tobacco. Kennedy's Boston crackers, biscuits and jumbles always fresh. We have just received our spring stock of fine new mackerel, which we are selling out at the lowest possible price for good goods. 10 lb Kits No. 2 Shore mackerel $1, 40 pounds same $4, 80 pounds same $7.50. 10 pound Kits No. 2 Extra $1.25, 12 pounds same $1.35, 10 lb Kits No. 1 Shore mackerel $1 50, 15 lb same 2 00, 40 lb same 5 00, 80 lb same 9 50. 15 lb Kits No. 1 extra 2 25, 40 lb same 5 50, 10 lb Kits No. Extra mess Shore mackerel 2 25, 15 lb same 3 00 100 lbs Labrador Herring 4 00, 100 lbs Portland Roe Herring 3 50. These goods were bought from the Boston packers direct, and are guaranteed both in quality and weight as branded on each package. We are selling a good Young Hyson tea for 40 cents per pound. We are offering good bargains in sugars, syrups, canned goods and mackerel. Our meat market is always well stocked with the best. We are now killing cattle that weigh 1200 to 1500 pounds, and the best mutton and veal to be found.

SECHLER & Co., Bellefonte.

AUGUST COURT.

Grand Jurors.—Huston, D Irvine, S Saxton.....Philipsburg, W E Irwine, C H Faulkner, E O Matteru.....Gregg, S J Herring, H F Heckman.....Union, H Potts, G Underwood.....Penn, Daniel Kerstetter.....Ferguson, J N Campbell.....Potter, B H Arney, Wm. Bower, John Harter.....Marion, Dan'l Harper, John Sutler.....Burnside, Wm. Craft.....College, W H Tibbens.....Benner, Geo. Kline.....Harris, H Weber.....Bellefonte, J J Okewine.....Taylor, H Davis.....Worth, A Sterner.

Traverse, First Week.—Bellefonte, J H Dobbins, J V Thomas, S H Williams, J J McClure, G Marshall, T Gordon.....Snow Shoe, W Haines, T Eckley.....Benner, S Marshall, C Dale, jr., W B Eckley.....Gregg, Ph. Shook, Wm. Lose, Wm. Weaver, S Bible.....Penn, Joseph Kleckner.....Millheim, G W Stover.....Ferguson, Wm. Mafat, A G Archy, J W Ellenberger, R Crider.....Spring, E G Osmer, D Sharrar, N P Weaver.....Liberty, Wm. Stover, N Kunes.....Halfmoon, G Loner.....Miles, Jonath Spangler, Jer. Jones, Reub Stover, Ben Beck, David Shafer.....Rush, J T Everly.....Walker, W Struble, F Emerick, John Breon, R F Holmes, Joseph Emerick.....Burnside, C Veldefer.....Howard, Wm. Eckly.....Philipsburg, R E Munson, S D Royer, H O Hoffer.....Potter, H D Van Pelt, Geo. Emerick, M Derstine.....Millesburg, G W Campbell.....Haines, Fr. Limbert.

Traverse Second Week.—Ferguson, A L Orndorf.....Liberty, L Miller.....Huston James Gill.....Howard, D W Fletcher, Adam Yearick, W F Leathers.....Bellefonte, R A Laird, A Miller.....Miles, J H Hazl.....Snow Shoe, J Gunsalus.....Penn, D Kimport, David Ard.....Haines, C Bright.....Rush, J Dumbleton, J Flory, A Bathgate, F W Webb.....Philipsburg, J Rhule.....Spring, G Haag.....Potter, H Shirk, D Heckman.....Howard, J A Shenk.....Gregg, Ben Limbert, W Bitner.....Haines, George Bower.....Harris, Adam Hartwick, H Keller.....Boggs, H L Barnhart.....Curtin, J A Daily.....Union, R S Stall.....Millheim, J C Smith.....Snow Shoe, W Emahiser.....Benner, H J Tressler.....Worth, Wm. Gates.....Spring, J T Tate.....Unionville, R Cambridge.

J. D. MURRAY,
Centre Hall, Pa.,

Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 14, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	May	50⅝	—62
Wheat	"	81⅞	—97
Oats	"	29	—40½
Pork	"	23.00	
Lard	"	7.12½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 95
White & Mixed	90
Rye	70
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	40
Buckwheat	50
Barley	55
Cloverseed	$ 5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	$ 5 00

Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 15 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

Coal.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

BELLEFONTE MARKET.

Wheat, red	$ 95	Corn	60
Wheat, mix	90	Oats	40

(Corrected weekly by L. L. BROWN.)

Produce—Butter 12, eggs 15, ham 14 shoulders 12, sides 12½, lard 10, potatoes 40—by Valentines' Store.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The undersigned will offer at public sale on the premises, one mile west of Potters Mills, on Saturday, July 26, at 2 p. m., the real estate of Thomas T. Stiver, dec'd, consisting of (1) a tract of highly improved farm-land, with all necessary farm buildings, orchard, good water, etc., thereon, containing 51 ACRES, more or less; and (2) a tract of timber land in the vicinity, containing 51 ACRES, more or less. For further information apply to P. O. Stiver, Potters Mills, or on the premises.

MARY F. STIVER,
SAMUEL L. STIVER,
16j2t WILLIAM B. STIVER, Executors.

SPRING MILLS ACADEMY.

The fall term of this institution will open on Monday, July 21, 1884. Special attention given to those preparing to teach. For further information address,
W. P. HOSTERMAN,
Penn Hall, Pa.

MUSICAL SCHOOL.—The 25th session of six weeks begins in the Musical College, Freeburg, Pa., Thursday morning, July 29; a grand opportunity for the training of young ladies. For information and circular address F. C. Meyer, Musical Director. 18jun4t

Ladies, a paper pattern will not cost you anything if you purchase your dress at Valentines Store Co., Lim., 51, 53 & 55 Bush Arcade, Bellefonte, which is the best and cheapest store for dry goods, groceries, boots, shoes and general merchandise. 2j4t

ST ELMO HOTEL,
No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.
Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor
20dec tf

100 TOWN LOTS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will offer for sale 100 choice town lots, near the railroad, at Centre Hall. These lots will be sold at very low figures. For further particulars and plan of lots apply to J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. JOHN HOFFER, Bellefonte, Pa.
2apr3m

ONE DOSE

of M'Donald's Great Blood Purifier or Sarsaparillian Alterative is guaranteed to contain more alterative properties, more truly remedial power than three doses of any other known alterative or blood purifier. Many other blood remedies are good enough in their way, only that you are compelled to buy a gallon of medicine to get a pint of remedy; the manufacturers having sacrificed strength and usefulness to palatability and profit. McDonald's Blood Purifier is put up in 75 cent bottles containing as much as most dollar bottles of other makers. Dissatisfied buyers can have their money refunded. For sale by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
2j2 Philadelphia Agents.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.
14may tf HENRY BOOZER

How Watch Cases are Made.

Most persons have an ambition to carry a gold watch case, and yet few people know how a watch case is made, or the vast difference in the quality of them. In a SOLID GOLD WATCH CASE, aside from the necessary thickness for engraving and polishing, a large proportion of the metal is needed only to stiffen and hold the engraved portions in place, and supply strength. The surplus is not only needless, but unserviceable, because gold is a soft metal and cannot furnish the stiffness, strength and elasticity necessary to make the case permanently strong and close-fitting. The *perfect* watch case must combine gold with some metal that will supply that in which the gold is deficient. This has been accomplished by the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case*, which saves the WASTE of *needless* gold, and INCREASES the SOLIDITY and STRENGTH of the case, and at the same time *reduces* the cost ONE HALF.

Send 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be continued.*)

VALUABLE FARM AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be offered at public sale by virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, at the late residence of Jonathan Weaver, dec'd, in Gregg twp., three miles east of Centre Hall, Saturday, August 9, '84, the following real estate: A valuable farm containing 74 ACRES, more or less, neat measurement, in Gregg twp., bounded on the east by lands of J. P. Grove, on south by lands of Mitchell heirs, on west and on north by land of Mitchell heirs; thereon erected a two-story dwelling house, bank barn, summer house, smoke house, dry house, all buildings good as new, orchard of choice fruit. Of the above described tract there are about 6 acres of timber.

Also a tract of mountain land within ¾ mile of the above described tract, bounded on south by land E. Dashamer, on east by land of J. B. Ream, and on west by land of James Grove, containing 104 ACRES, more or less, timber land with good timber, such as yellow pine, chestnut, chestnut-oak, etc. Sale at 1 o clock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ⅓ in one year, and the balance in two years, with interest from confirmation of sale; said payments to be secured by bond and mortgage on premises.

A. H. WEAVER, Adm'r.

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court, there will be exposed at public sale, on the premises of Levi Reader, dec'd, about two miles southwest of Spring Mills, Saturday, August 2, '84, the following described real estate of Levi Reader, dec'd, a Valuable Tract of Land, in Gregg twp., Centre county, adjoining lands of Jacob Jameson, George Gentzel, Henry Vonada, Eli Smith, and others, containing about 80 ACRES, more or less, about 30 acres are clear, the balance white oak timber. Thereon erected a dwelling house and barn. On this tract is an orchard of apples and cherries, a good spring of water and a public road through the land.

Also the undivided ⅓ interest in a tract of land situated in Gregg township, adjoining lands of Daniel Breon, John Wagner, Jeremiah Heckman, Harvey Vonada, and others containing 25 ACRES and 56 perches, thereon erected a dwelling house, stable and Potter shop and other buildings. It has a stream of running water, and an orchard of good fruit. The hall is well timbered with white oak and hemlock.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid in cash upon confirmation of sale; ½ in one year, and balance in two years, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JAMES D. GENTZEL,
SARAH READER, Adm'rs.

PETITIONER'S NOTICE.—In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, No. 441, August Term, 1883.—To John Minder or Nathan Minder, Jno. Minder, Jonas Minder, Benjamin Minder, Jacob Minder, Elias Minder, Elizabeth Fleisher, wife of Henry Fleisher, and Henry Fleisher: Notice is hereby given that on the 27th day of August, 1883, the petition of Samuel Bechtol was presented setting forth that on the day of November, A. D., 1841, John Minder conveyed to him a certain tract of land situate in Potter township, Centre Co., Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence south 39°, east 158 perches to a post; thence south 38°, west 56 perches to a stone; thence north 30°, west 184 perches to a chestnut oak; thence north 60°, east 60 perches to the place of beginning, containing 60 acres and allowance, and joining lands of John Strohm, R. McKim, and other lands of John Minder, that the said John Minder executed a proper deed for the said premises to the petitioner, but that said deed was lost or mislaid, and praying the said Court to award a subpoena directed to all parties in interest to appear and show cause why said lost deed should not be supplied according to the provisions of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided. Whereupon the said Court awarded said subpoena and ordered an advertisement, giving notice of said application and requiring all persons whom it may concern to appear in Court on the 4th Monday of August next to make their answer upon oath or affirmation to said bill or petition.

A. L. SPANGLER,
Attorney for Petitioner.

!!THE OLD STAND!!

AT CENTRE HALL,

To the Front with Seasonable Goods.
Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you
Call and Examine.
OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT
Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.
We know we can do you good in
SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS.
TICKS, GINGHAMS,
&c., &c.
A HOST OF BARGAINS IN
DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c.,
PRINTS, &c.
A SPLENDID LINE OF
Cloths and Cashimeres.
Our SUMMER Supply of
MEN'S AND BOYS'
BOOTS & SHOES,
CHILDREN'S SHOES,
with a full and complete line of
LADIES WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap!
GROCERIES,
FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.
CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,
WM. WOLF & SON.